

A PROSPECTIVE
GLASSE TO LOOKE
INTO HEAVEN,
OR
The Cœlestiall CANAAN
described.

Together with the SOULES sacred
Soliloquie, and most ardent desire to
be inuested into the same.

Sung in a most heauenly Hymne, to the great
comfort of all good CHRISTIANS,
by the M V S E S most unworthy,

JOHN VICARS.

REVEL. 21. 1.

And I saw a new Heauen and a new Earth.

1. COR. 13. 12.

Here, wee see as through a Glasse.



L O N D O N

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TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL SOCIETIE
OF THE GOVERNORS OF
Christ's Hospitall, *J. V.* Dedicateth
all his poore endeours, and wisheth
the Kingdome of Grace heere,
and the Kingdome of Glorie
hereafter.

YOur *Worships* fauours, from my *Birth* still found;
Haue me in all my best *Endeours* bound:

And, since I *Owe* more then I *know* to Pay;
I rest your *Worships*, to my Dying-day.

Your Worships in All, alwayes to
be commanded,

JOHN VICARS.

THE WASHINGTON
WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
CHIEF HOSPITAL, A. N. DEDICATED
ALL THE SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES, AND
THE SUFFRAGE OF WOMEN
AND THE SUFFRAGE OF WOMEN

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

AND SUFFRAGE SOCIETY
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE WASHINGTON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY

OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

JOHN V. L. A. B. S.



To the Right VVorshipfull, Sir
I O H N L E M A N, *Knight, President*
of *Christs Hospitall*, and Alderman of
L O N D O N, I. V. *wisheth all earthly*
Prosperitie, and the Reall
fruition of this Ideall
description.

Religions Rules *and* Natures Bonds *bind* All,
To keepe account and true memoriall
Of fauours past or present; lest with shame,
Ingratitude should Cracke their Credits fame.
Since then (Right worshipful) these Bonds All bind,
This Dutie needs to Mee must be assign'd;
Who, from your VVorships undeseruedly
Haue found much fauour and great courtesie:
Whose sweete Effects haue my good so effected,
As Blacke Obliuion may not make neglected.
And since your VVorship worthily is made
The President, chiefe Pillar, Prop and Aide
Of Gouvernment in that blest Hospitall
Of Christs poore members, Orphans poore and small; *sure*

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

*I, therefore ioy, thus to Congratulate
Your Worships hap, their Helpe so fortunate.
As also that I may expresse, in part,
Some sincere Fruites of my most gratefull Heart :
By Dedication of this my poore Mite,
To your good Worship; due to you by right.
Which, hoping you (Right Worshipfull) will take
With kind acceptance: Heau'ns great King you make,
A blest Partaker, of that Maiestie,
Which my weake Pen can here but Typifie.*

To your *Worship* in his *Power* and
Prayers duely and deti-
fully *Denoted,*

JOHN VICARS.



To the *Godly Reader.*



Ince, for the most part, all men take delight,
Of nouelties to heare, to write, to tell
Of *treasures* and of *pleasures*, which excell,
Which best may please their itching eares and
And for that cause haue many *Captaines* stout (fight.
By *Sea* and *Land* (to finde out and discouer
The admirable workes of *Heauens Arch-mouer*)
Trauail'd the *Globes-circumference* about,
Yea, many wise *Cosmographers* haue spent
Much time and trauaile, cost and care to write
The *Nature, Manners, Riches, and Delight*
Of famous *Kingdomes* in *Earths Continent*.
But I, the most vnworthie of the most,
Haue vnderta'ne by *Heauens* all-blest direction,
To contemplate th' vnspeakeable perfection
Of *New Ierusalem* most sacred *Coast*:
In which *Suruey* (lest I, with *Icarus*
Should soare too-high; or, lest with *Uzzah*, I,
Should touch *Gods Arke*, into *Heauens-Secrets* pry;
Or question what *God* doth inhibit vs:)
Prophetick-Iohn I heere haue made my *Guide*,
And by his *Plat-forme* drawne this *Map* of mine,
And heere to *Barnards, Napiers* help Diuine,
And *Brightmans* bright assistance haue applide.
Wherein (good *Christian Reader*) thou may'st finde
Things admirable, glorious, sweet and rare;

To the godly Reader.

Treasures and *pleasures*, matchlesse, past compare,
Such as transcend the reach of humane minde:
And such indeed, as, though I had the skill
And *Tongue* of wisest men and *Angels* bright,
Yet were I most vnable to *Indite*
The true perfection of this *Sion-hill*.
Wherefore, as old *Historians* testifie
A wise *Geometrician* once t'haue found
The foote of *Hercules* cut in the ground
Of high *Olympus-hill* apparently,
Did by the length of's foote delineate
The whole *Proportion* of *Alcides* great:
So, though the *Fabrique* of *Heau'ns* supreme *Seate*
In its perfection none can demonstrate,
Yet by some things exprest in sacred writ,
And *circumstances* futing to the same,
Wee may thereof in minde *coniecture* frame,
Although (alas) wee come farre short of it.
No mans *Imagination* can conceiue,
No *Vnderstanding* comprehend the same,
No *Tongue* can tell the maiesty and fame,
But those (as *Christ* sayth) which doe it receiue.
And therefore, *Hee*, *Hid-Manna* doth it call,
Hidden, because vnsearchable, vnknowne,
Manna, because more sweet than *Hony-combe*,
Manna delightfull, meate *Angelicall*.
O then, auunt, thou fond *Poetick* fiction
Of *Greekes* suppos'd (but false) *Elysean* fields,
Which they doe dreame, such soueraigne solace yeelds,
Which they to get, haue suffered much affliction.
Why boast th' *Egyptians* of their high-topt *Spheares*?
Cloud-kissing pinacled *Pyramides*?

Assuerus,

To the godly Reader.

Assuerus, his pompous *Palaces*?
Of these and more than these, what now appears?
What talke wee of *East-Indian Marchandize*?
What of *West-Indies Mines* of massie *Gold*?
What of the richest *Jewels* to behold?
What of most precious *Pearles* of rarest price?
Here's worke of wonder, worthie admiration,
Heere is a *Structure*, which out-lasts *Times* date;
Heere is a *Country* rare, faire, fortunate,
Heere's to be view'd the *Land* of *sure-Salvation*.
Wouldst thou be *Rich*? ô, here's true *Wealth* indeed:
Wouldst thou *Live-euer*? here's *Eternity*,
Wouldst thou *Live-merry*? here's *Festivity*,
And perfect *Ioy*, which doth *Earths ioy* exceed.
Heere, in this *Heavenly Canaan*, thou mayst finde
Rivers, which flow with *Milke* and *Hony* sweet,
Heere, as *Companions*, *Angels* shall thee greet,
Here's *ioy* to fill *Soule*, *Body*, *Hart*, and *Minde*.
Since then, the *Subiect* whereof now I treat
So *Holy* is, (*kind Reader*) me excuse,
That I, prophane *Poeticke Phrase* refuse
In this discourse of *Heavens* supernall *Seate*:
For, tis not *Fame*, nor hope of worldly wealth
That I desire; *The Golden Age* is past.
But that I wish, *Thine* as *mine owne Soules-Health*,
For which, I pray, and shall while breath doth last:
For *Loue*, I onely looke for *Loue* againe,
This, if repayd, repayes my greatest paine.

Thine in *Christ Iesus*,

JOHN VICARS.



To the Authour, in praise of his
Prospective Glasse.

THy *Verse* containes pure language in true mea-
Thy *View* descries the *Best blest Syon-hill*, (sure,
Thy *vow* discovereth thy religious *Will*,
Thy *Drift* is to disclose to all this treasure :
Thy *Verse*, thy *View*, thy *Vow*, thy *Drift* declare
Thy *Wit*, thy *Skill*; thy *Will*, thy *Zeale*, all rare.

*Thine in the truth of a friends
affection, I. H. of Cambridge
M. in Arts, and Preacher
of Gods Word.*



A louing LOOKING GLASSE, sent to
his friend, M. IOHN VICARS, in
returne for his *Heauenly*
P R O S P E C T I V E
G L A S S E.

MY looks can shew me *Heauen* through Thine,
My loue can shew thee, but his *Hart*, through Mine,
Loue, looks, *Heauen*, and my *Hart* best part of friends,
Thy *Glasse*, *Grace*, *Friendship* and thy *Zeale* commends.

NATHANIEL CHAMBER,
of *Grayes-Inne*, Gent.



¶ A Prospectiue Glasse
to looke into Heauen,
Or,
The coelestiall CANAAN
described.

TH' Armi-potent, All-seeing All-Creater,
Th' All-mightie Artizan of Earths Theater,
Hauing inclosed in his vn-clasped Booke,
Whē Heauen & Earth their first foundation tooke,
And therein registred this firme Conclusion,
An Vniuersall end, and All-Confusion
Of all the World, which when once discreated,
Should be refin'd, renew'd and re-created,
This great Decree will doubtlesse ratifie,
And for th' Elects-sake doe't more speedily,
As Sybells, Prophets, and Apostles wise,
Yea Christ himselfe did truly Prophetize.
Then pallid Death, whose Ash-pale face did fright
The stoutest Champion, most vn-daunted Sprite,
Hauing at Length with strength enough displaide;
His All-Tryumphant Trophies, hauing made
A massacre and hauocke of all flesh,
Thinking to Nimrodize it still afresh,
Like proud disdainfull Pompey at the last
Shall meet our Caesar, and at's feet shall cast
The Glory of his Mortall-wounding might,
Shall lose his fatall Sting which did so bite
And pierce the Hearts of euery Mortall Creature,
T' reduce to Dust each wormelings Dusty feature.

A Prospective Glasse

Death being then *Mans* fatall finall foe,
Him, *Christ* victoriously shall ouerthrow,
From forth his *Clawes* shall strongly wrest the conquest,
And fell *All-felling Death* at's feet thus vanquisht.
But as the *Corner-creeping Theefe* doth watch
With sure aduantage vnawares to catch
The carelesse *Seruaunts* left the *House* to keepe,
Whom when he findeth snorting fast asleepe,
Suddainely sets vpon them, thus doth prey
On's hopt-for *Booty*, and then hastes away.
Or as it fares in a faire *Summer* morning,
When the *Great-Light* the azure *Skie's* adorning,
And new-now risen from th' *Antipodes*,
His radiant *Raies* displaies the world to please :
At whose sweet *Sight* the pretty *Larke* doth rise,
With warbling noates wau'ring ith lofty *Skies*,
Earth hauing op't her *Shop* of sweet *Perfumes*
Of fragrant flowres, herbs, plants, and pleasant bloomes,
A gentle *Wind* fannes coolenesse through the *Aire*,
The *Suns* increasing heate thus to impaire,
Each *Creature* much delighted at the heart,
To see this *Sight* ; now ready to take part
Of pleasure, in this pleasant *Day* begun,
When as vpon a sudden, o're the *Sun*
A mightie *Raine-swolne-Cloud* begins to spred,
And furious *Winds* through th' *Ayre* are nimbly fled
From forth their *Stations*, blustering vp and downe,
The angry *Heauens* vpon the *Earth's* gin frowne,
And frō their *Spouts* powre downe great streaming *Showers*,
Dashing and washing *Trees*, *Plants*, *Herbs* and *Flowers*,
With *Light-beeld-Lightning*, and such *Cannon-Thunder*,
As *Heauen* and *Earth* were reft and cleft in sunder,
Damping the former hope of sweet delight,
By this so sudden *change* amazing sight :
Euen so this *Second-Comming* of *Christ Iesus*
From *Sins* most heauy hatefull *Yoke* to ease vs,
To *Purge* the *World* of its *Impurity*,
To *Plague* the *Atheists* *Incredulity*,
T' *Auenge* the *Bloud* of his deare slaughtered *Saints*,
To *Giue* an *End* to their sad sighs and plaints,

Shall

to looke into Heauen.

Shall *Sudden* bee, will come at vnawares,
When *worldly-men* are plung'd in worldly *Cares*,
When *Lust-full-men* are most a *Sensualizing*,
When fawning *Gnatboes* most are *Temporizing*,
When as *Voluptuous-Vaine-lings* sport and play,
When they doe least expect, suspect this *Day*,
Then shall this *Vnsure-Certaine Doomes-Day* come,
To *Some* most well-come, wo-full vnto *Some*,
Vnto the *Wicked* terrible and fearefull,
Vnto the *Godly*, comfortable, chearefull,
Vnto the *Bad* a day of Lamentation,
Vnto the *Good* a day of Consolation,
Sharp to the *Wicked*, ioyfull to the *Iust*,
Gods wrath the *Sinner* scattering as the dust,
Then, as it^h dayes of *Noe*, with wondrous change
Shall dire destruction int'all places range.
As, *that*, with waters wofull inundation :
So, *this*, with fires all-spoyling conflagration.
As, *that*, with *water*, coold the heate of Sin,
Wherewith the World had then inflamed bin :
So, *this*, with *fire* to burne the rotten sticks,
Of want of Loue (combustible dry kicks)
Our *Globy-Gran-dame Earth*, shall then all flame,
Like a huge *Bon fire*, and about the same
The *bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea*, bright *Fishes* station,
Shall b'exciccated with strange admiration :
And that *great-little, nimble-scale-arm'd* hoast,
No longer shall through the *watry-Region* coast.
Yea, then that huge *Leuiathan* (*Sea's wonder*),
Shall cease his sport, and roaring voyce like Thunder.
Then Heau'n and Earth, shall variated bee,
To pure perfection in the high'st degree ;
Then all the *Spheares*, the *Starres* and heau'nly *Motions*,
Which seru'd for *Time-distinctions*, certayne *Notions*,
Planets and *Plants* which Man on Earth did vse,
Their *Power* in Man and *Vertue* then shall lose.
Yea, all *vicissitudes*, all alternations
Of Heau'n and Earth, shall leaue their antique *Stations*,
Shall be dissolued, cease, and haue an end,
Mountaynes shall melt, and to low Dales descend.

2.Pet.3.10.

Gen.1.14

Esa.65.17

66.22

Apoc.20.11

A Prospective Glasse

The Creatures then, which groane and moane in paine,
Freed at the least, if not renewd againe :

A brieve de-
scription of
the Day of
Iudgement:
by way of
Introduci-
on to the
subsequent
discourse.

Dan. 12. 2.

Apoc. 20. 12.

1. Thes. 4. 1.

Mat. 25. 31.

Then shall be heard a loud hart-daunting voyce,
A heauenly Trump shall sound with ecchoing noise,
By Gods all-potent power and prouidence,
Shall all flesh of this vast circumference
Heare and appeare by that loud Trumpets *summon*,
At this *Grand Sessions* all the world in common.

Then rattling, roaring *thunder* shall be heard,
Whereby the wicked shall be frighted, feard,

Then all the world shall be as flaming fire,

Christ our *Iust-gentle Iudge* with loue and ire

Shall come with all the host of winged *Legions*,

Soaring about the *bright-starre-spangled Regions*.

With whom, *Apostles*, *Prophets*, *Martyrs* flye

In compleate glory in the glistering *Skye*.

Mercy and *Iustice* marching cheeke by iowle,

Shall his Diuine triumphant *Chariot* rowle,

Whose wheelles shall shine with *Lighbning* all about,

With beames of glory each-where blazing out.

Who shall in's hand a *Booke in folio* beare,

Wherein mans faults and follies written were.

Then shall the wicked *Sin-polluted Goates*

Ingulft in sorrow, roare with hideous noates,

Howle, groane, and griue, and lamentably moane

At Gods supernall and tribunall Throne,

Holding their hands at's *Barre* with griefe and horrour,

Shall beare the *Iudges* sentence to their terrour,

Their *selfe-accusing Conscience* telling them

That they are *Guilty*, and will them condemne.

And *Sathans Sergeants* at their elbowes stand,

To beare their soules and bodies out of hand

To his infernall *Iayle*, with fiery chaines

To binde them fast to *Hells* ne're ending paines.

Their *Sins*, I say, will stand at their right hand,

And at their left will damned *Diuels* stand :

Within, th' *accusing Conscience* crying shame,

Without them, all the *World* a burning flame :

Under their feete, Soule-frying, gaping *Hell*,

And o're their heads, their Iudge most fierce and fell.

The most
miserable
condition of
the vngodly.

Mat. 18.

to looke into Heaven.

Too late they then weepe for vn-wept-for Sin,
 Too late they wish they neuer borne had bin,
 Too late asham'd at Heau'ns most glorious light,
 They wish, but vainely wish, that mountaines might
 Them couer, smother, from heart-searching *Iudge*,
 Thus rest of comfort, vp and downe they trudge.
 And then the *iust chiefe Iustice* wrathfully,
 On's left hand, sayes to th'wicked, Stand you by,
 You aw-lesse, lawlesse, wicked, hence, depart
 Into eternall terrour, paine and smart,
 Depart, I say, you *Cursed*, goe, begon
 Into the depth of *Hells* deepe dungeon.
 That *Prison* where your damned soules must lye,
 And dye a thousand deaths, yet neuer dye.
 Where shall be weeping, wailing, schreekes and grones,
 Gnashing of teeth, *Hell-bowling*, sighes and mones,
Diuels tormenting you in flames eternall,
 With fearefull frights, by hellish Fiends infernall,
 For ere to bee sequestred from all ioy,
 In end-lesse, rest-lesse, mercy-lesse annoy.
 O wofull *Wages* for their *works* of Sin!
 O how much better they ne're borne had bin!
 O that when they were borne, they then had dyde,
 Then thus for *Sin*, *Hells* horroure to abide!
 But, as wee see after a mighty *Storme*,
 The *Sun* shines out with beames bright, faire and warme:
 So, the *God* fearing, and *Sin-flying* *Sheepe*,
 Which did *Christs* Lawes and Heasts sincerely keepe,
 Which his distressed *Members* cloath'd and fed,
 Which to their power the *Poore* had comforted,
 To these blest *Saints* (I say) at's right hand placed,
 Who shalbe with coelestiall glory graced,
 Whom he elected to be *Angelized*,
 Whose soules in ioy shall be *immortalized*;
 With sweet aspect to these will *Christ* thus say,
 Come, come you *blessed* of the Lord for ay.
 Come, deare adopred *Brethren*, come to mee,
 With mee you all shall glorified bee,
 Receiue the *Kingdome* for you all prepared,
 Ere *Earths* foundation was to th'Earth declared.

The Iudges
 sentence to
 the wicked,
Go ye Cur-
sed.

Deut. 12.2.
2. Thes. 1.7.
Reuel. 14.10.



Simile.

The happie
 citate of the
 Godly.
1. Thes. 4.16.

Come ye
 Blessed.

A Prospective Glasse



For your *good-service* vnder my *Faiths banner*,
You shall be crown'd with my chiefe *Champions honner*.
Since for my sake you once liu'd in annoy:
Now with me come into your *Masters ioy*,
Into that ioy, whereof none shall be able
You to deprive, it is so firme and stable.
Thus then the *Lord-Chiefe-Iustice* hauing driuen
The rout of damned *Reprobates* from Heauen,
And hauing with the *Fan* of his Decree,
The *Chasse* from's *Wbeate* thus censed and made free:
Thus in a bundle hauing bound the *Tares*,
The con-corrupted heape of hellish wares:
And by the power of 's irefull *Iron rod*,
His Foes beat downe and vnder foote thus trod:
His *Church* from all vnclannesse purifi'de,
His sacred *Sonnes* enthroniz'd Saintifi'de:
Now, shall they all with ioy inexplicable,
With great content and comfort amiable,
Behold and see the *New-Ierusalem*:
The *Citie* of the *Lord*, vouchsaf't to them.
That sole *Metropolis*, that sacred Seat,
Wherein our *Trine-One Lord* most good, most great
Had long time promis'd, and now meanes to dwell,
With all his *Saints* in vertue that excell.
This being that sweet *Spouse* spirituall,
That blotlesse, spotlesse *Bride* coelestiall,
To whom the *Lambe Christ Iesus* is contracted:
Now readie that the *Nuptials* be enacted,
Who being in her *Militant* estate,
Was then with blemishes contaminate,
Was often *Sin sicke*, by Her Sinfull Course,
And as it were in danger of *Diuorce*;
By *Re-re-lapses* and her oft offence,
Though still protected by Heau'ns indulgence.
But now being in her pure and glorious state,
In Heau'n triumphant, vn-contaminate,
Conform'd vnto, confirm'd in puritie
All-Chaste, now plac't in sweet securitie,
Now vn-diurceable, Louely and sweet,
Is new, prepar'd Her *Bridegroom* thus to meet.

The descrip-
tion of the
Church, the
Lambs
Bride.

Cantic. x. &c.

Her

to looke into Heauen.

Her Eyes like Orient-Pearles, her *cheekes* with dimples,
 Most amiable, faire, free of least * *Pimples*,
 Her *Lips* like threds of Scarlet, Currall red,
 Her *Temples* faire, her *Haire* like golden thred:
 Her *Breath* more sauourie then mellifluous dew,
 Her *Breasts* like two yong Twin-Roes white of hiew,
Araide in fine pure linnen, cleane and white,
 In *Vestures* wrought with gold which glister bright,
 And cast an odoriferous fragrant sent,
 Of *Spikenard*, *Saffron* and most pure ointment,
 Attended on by *Virgins* vertuous, chaste,
 To meete her *Bridegroom*e, thus *Shee* forth doth haste.
 Oh sacred sight, sweet shew, soules soueraigne blisse,
 When thus the *Bridegroom*e his deare *Sponse* shall kisse,
Marriage of *Manna* and of *Mel* compacted,
 Whereby our soules with *Christ* are aye contracted!
 Prefigur'd in the sacred *Sacrament*
 Of *Christ's* last *Supper*, giuen to this intent.
 Thus *Christ* (I say) his *Loue*, his *Doue* shall meet,
 Thus they each other kindly then shall greet:
 Thus shall this glorious *Citie* then appeere,
 Wherein the *Iust* shall raigne with ioy and cheere.
 But now ere we behold this blest *Theater*,
 Let me herein be th' *Angels* Imitater,
 T' each godly *Reader* here to signifie
 This obseruation, of importancie:
 That since in this great *Cities* modell rare,
 We are to meet with wonders past compare,
 We shall behold inimitable Art,
 Such as may quickly wonder-strike the heart,
 And seeme to *Reason's* Sin-blear'd, flesh-blind eye,
 T' exuperate the bounds of *Veritie*:
 Therefore a *Winged-Messenger* from Heau'n.
 To th' blest *Euangelist* this charge hath giuen,
 To register in *Time*-concluding *scrowles*,
 To write this *Truth* in *Scriptures* sacred rowles,
 That heau'ns *All-seeing*, *All-fore-seeing* King,
Truth's spotlesse Fountayne, *Faiths* ore-flowing-Spring,
 That *Alpha* and *Omega*, *First* and *Last*,
 Who *was*, *is*, *shall be*, when all *Times* are past,

* Freckles
 of frailtie,
 or spots of
 impuritie.

Psal. 45.

A caution
 to the *Rea-*
ders.

A Prospective Glasse

That all
herein con-
tained is
most true.

Who is as powerfull to performe his Will :
As readie-prest his Mercies to full-fill ;
Whose Promises are all Yea and Amen :
Hath promis'd (and what's he among all Men
Hath euer knowne the Lord to falsifie
His Cou'nant made, or from his Word to flie ?)
Hath vow'd (I say) that hee'lle all things renew,
All imperfections bring to perfect hiew,
And make the ioy of's glorified Saints,
Endlesse and free from future moane and plaints.
Yea, with such grace and forcible perswasion
He seemes to counter-maund all traile euasion
Of doubting or demurring in this kind ;
As if he should haue said ; *Man*, be not blind ;
Let it not seeme an intricate hard thing,
That I, the Lord, these things to passe should bring,
I, which of Nothing, *All things* did create,
I, which but breath'd and made each Animate,
I, the Arch-Mouer of what ere doth moue,
Shall ought to me so difficult then proue,
As not my becke and bow straight to obay ?
O no, be wise, doe not my power gaine-say.
Be not incredulous to feare or doubt,
For I, the Lord, this thing will bring about :
Not only for my Power, but Promise sake,
And the great care which ore my Saints I take,
To crowne them all with promised Saluation,
Their Foes to sell to Hell with dire damnation,
That true Beleeuers then may find me true,
Atheists their Infidelitie may rue.
Yea, with a triple-firme ingemination,
Hath Heau'n confirm'd this faithfull protestation.
And what so scornefull, scoffing *Cham* so bold ?
What impious *Atheist* dares it vn-true hold ?
What feare-full, fault-full, or vn-faith-full *Caine*,
Doth dare this Truth, deride, doubt or disdaine ?
Doubtlesse the simplest pccuish *Grammatist*,
The rudest *Rusticke*, who yet neuer wist
What 'tis to sound Heau'ns depth of Prudencie :
Would soone condemne them of Absurditie.

God hath
promised,
and will per-
forme.

God hath
power, and
can perform.

to looke into Heauen.

O the great wisedome and indulgent Grace!
Of heau'ns great King, himselfe so to debase;
Precept on Precept thus to vs to teach,
His Will so oft t'inculcate and to preach.
Line after line, yea now and then a little,
Our Faith more soundly to confirme and settle.
Vs to *informe* in his pure *Veritie*,
Vs to *reforme* from *Infidelitie*.
Therefore such faith-lesse and incredulous,
Such grace-lesse, god-lesse, irreligious,
As doe denie or will belie this *Truth*;
Shall be reiected to their endlesse *Ruth*,
Shall ne're haue part nor portion in this ioy,
But be obtruded vnto dire annoy.
And their *too-light, too-late* beliefe shall rue,
When they receiue their meede and merit due;
When with the damned *Sin-co-operators*
They shall of wo and horror be partakers.
Reade then with Faith, and what thou read'st, desire,
And that thou canst not comprehend, admire.
But, here as at a stand, I stand amazed,
That I a dust-borne *Babe*, poore, weake, and crazed,
Of stammering tongue, a *childe* in vnderstanding,
Of heart oft subiect vnto sinnes commanding:
Should vndertake (*Worme* that I am) to prie
Into the depth of so great *Mysterie*.
That to describe, which asks an *Angells* skill,
A *Soules* which of that sight hath had its fill;
And yet all too-too-little, to declare
The beautie infinite, the splendor faire
Of great I E H O V A H'S Palace *Crystalline*,
All full of heau'nly glorie, all diuine;
Which to describe, the more I doe contend,
I more admire, and lesse doe comprehend:
And whose rare *Fabrique* and coelestiall sight,
I rather could stand wondring at, than write.
Pardon, oh therefore pardon (Lord) I pray,
My great presumption, let thy *Grace* alway
Illuminate my *Sin-cecated* heart:
And to my *Layes* thy sacred helpe impart.

The reward
of Wauerers
and vn-be-
lieuers.

The Authour
iustly confes-
seth his vn-
abilitie and
vnworthi-
nesse to de-
scribe this
glorious Ci-
tie.

That

A Prospective Glasse

That nought may be misse-done, misse-thought, misse-said,
O Lord, I craue thy sacred Soueraigne aide.
Giue me a voice now, O *Voice* all Diuine!
With heau'nly *fire inspire* this brest of mine,
And since thou, Lord, art able to declare
By th'mouthes of *Babes*, which weake and tender are,
Thy might and power: *Lord* (though vnworthy I)
Into my heart infuse abundantly
The soueraigne *Graces* of thy *holy Sprite*,
That my weake *Pen*, thy wondrous *Praise* may write.

* Inspiration

That thy * *Entbousasme* of Propheticke *skill*,
May on my *Laies* like *Honney* sweet distill:
That by Diuine-Diuine *Iohns* godly guide,
I from the *Truth* may not once step aside.
But by his true Prophetickall direction,
May methodize *Ieruselems* perfection,
That all that reade it, may enflamed bee
With hearts desire therein to raigne with thee,
To make great haste and speedie properation,
To this blest Citie with due preparation.

The descrip-
tion of the
heauenly
Ierusalem.

Simile.

Deut. 34.1.

As *God*, th' e'reliuing, all-good-giuing King,
The *First* that moues of euery mouing thing,
When vnto *Moyes* he vouchsaf't to show
The *Land of Canaan*, which did ouer-flow
With *Milke* and *Honney*, which he vow'd to giue
To *Iacobs* off-spring, wherein they should liue;
On top of *Pisgah* Mountayne did him place,
That *Moses* might from thence behold the grace,
The pleasure, wealth, and riches of that *Land*,
Which they should haue by power of his right-hand:
Euen so, the Darling of *Christ Iesus*, *Iohn*,
Rap't in the *Spirit* was also plac't, vpon

* *Mons men-*
is, hoc est, al-
ta & diuina
contemplatio-
nis.

a *Matt.* 4.8.

A high-topt * *Mount* in *Pathmos*, whence he might
Contemplate this great *Cities* glorious sight;
A sight more glorious farre, then that the *a* *Deuill*
(That subtill *Serpent*, fire-brand of euill)
Shew'd to our *Saujour* in his great *Temptation*,
When he with *Satan* fought for our *Saluation*.
Thou well-beloued of thy *Saujour* decree,
(Saith a blest *Angell* vnto *Iohn*) draw neere,

With

to looke into Heauen.

With ioy come hither, stand a while by mee,
And thou the heau'nly *Canaan* shalt see.
The *Churches* glorifi'd spirituall state,
Thou shalt behold and sweetly contemplate
The spotlesse *Spouse*, th'immaculate chaste *Bride*,
With which the *I am he Christ Iesus* will abide:
The ioy in *God*, and *godlies* consolation,
Th'elected *Saints* most holy *Habitation*:
Prepared for them by the *Trinitie*,
Where they shall raigne, remayne eternally,
Call'd the *great Citie*, holy *Canaan*:
Great, whose Inhabitants none number can,
Holy, because no putrifying Sin,
Nor least impuritie can there creepe in;
Call'd *Canaan*, or *New-Ierusalem*,
A *Place* of peace, *Saints* rest, *Soules* Diadem.
Now this most holy heau'nly *Habitacle*,
This most magnificent *Saints* receptracle
Was beautifi'd, adorn'd, and decorated,
Was richly fill'd, was rarely illustrated
With glorie, which did from the *Lord* proceed,
Whose most refulgent splendour did exceed
The lustre of all precious stones most bright,
They all came short of this most glorious Light.
Yea, as a faire transparent *Iasper* greene,
So shall his *Saints* felicitie be seene:
For ere to waxe most fresh and alwaies flourish,
Because *Gods* power and prudence shall it nourish:
It being pure as any *CrySTALL* cleere,
Where by nor blot, nor spot can there appeere;
No staynes of foule terrestriall vncleannesse,
No grosse pollutions of impure obseannesse,
Shall this their ioy obnubilate, make dim,
Or once eclipse their beautie, fram'd by him;
Gods gracious presence and great *Maiesstie*
Shall it so decke, decore and glorifie.
Here 'tis no triuiall question, why the Light
Of this blest *Cities* lustre exquisite
Is to a precious *Iasper* stone compared;
And why 't might not haue beene as well declared

The totall
beautie of
this Citie.

A greene
Iasper.

Cleere as
CrySTALL.

Obiection.
Why the
Light of
Gods glorie
is compared
to a *Iasper*
By stone.

A Prospective Glasse

By th' *Sunne*, or *Moone*, or *Starres* most excellent,
Or *Artificiall Lights* which men inuent?

All these are *Lights*, true; but *too-light* they bee,
Compar'd with *Light it selfe*, i' th' highest degree.

Answer.

1.

First, in regard the *Sunnes* faire piercing rayes,
With its bright beames the *eye-sight* much decays,
If the beholder thereon fixtly looke,

Nor can his sight the brightnesse thereof brooke:

But, precious stones haue no obnoxious might,

But with their splendor rarely doe delight

The eyes of their beholders, so that they

The more on them they looke, the more they may.

Whereby, egregiously they intimate

And to vs point the sweet and delicate

Delight, we shall in heau'nly knowledge find,

So to affect and recreate the mind,

As that the more we thereof doe possesse,

The more our Loue thereof we shall expresse.

2.

Againe, the *Artificiall Lights* men make,

As *Torches*, *Tapers*, *Lamps*, and *Candles*, flake;

Are soone burnt-out, extinct, and therefore need

Some fomentarie adiunct, them to feed:

But as for precious stones, their sparkling light

Is genuine, by Nature shineth bright,

And glisters in the most obscure-darke place,

Alwaies retayning their resplendent grace:

And therefore doe most liuely represent

The splendor faire and beautie excellent

Of th' euer-selfe subsisting *Deitie*,

Alwaies the same, *One-same* eternitie.

The particular description of the Citie.

This Cities fortification is in a Wall, Gates, and foundation.

This *Citie* is inuiron'd, bounded round,

With a great high-ropt *Wall*, thicke, strong and sound:

Which vnto vs doth thus much intimate,

That, though i' th' *Churches-Militant-estate*,

The Congregations of *Christs* faithfull *Saints*

Were still molested, full of wofull plaints,

Toft to and fro with stormes *Tyrannicall*,

With persecutions most *Satanicall*:

And like *Noes-Arke* were ne're in peace or rest,

With worldly-billowing-waues dast and distressed:

Yes

to looke into Heauen.

Yet in this *Church-Triumphant*, they shall bee
From all heart-hurting feare of danger free.
Surely, Securely kept from least annoy,
In heau'nly *sa'tie* sempiternall ioy.
For why, the *Doctrine Apostolicall*
Shall as a firme inuincible strong *Wall*
Debarre and keepe-out, heart-deluding *Errors*,
Aliuncleane Creatures, *Lyers*, and the terrors,
Which their abominations might effect;
For, this *Wall Doctrinall* doth them reiect:
And thus the *Prophet Ieremie* doth call
- A *Constant Preacher*, a strong, *Brazen Wall*.
Now, this strong *Wall* is made more admirable,
By stately *Ports* and *Ground-worke* solid, stable,
Twelue *Gates* are 'bout it plac't conueniently,
Which thus much doe vnto vs signifie:
That all her *Friends* and *Citizens* shall see,
The way to th' *Citie* easie, plaine to bee;
* *Plaine* to the *Iust*, to th' *un-iust* *Narrow* straight,
Easie to those, to these most intricate.
And on these *Gates* were Charact'ed most faire,
The Names of *Israels* twelue *Tribes*; to declare
Their good assurance and their readie way,
That none might wander, erre, or goe astray.
There needs no vse of a conducting *Guide*,
Their way lying ope' to them on euery side.
But here by th' Names of *Israels* twelue *Tribes*,
The sacred Spirit vnto vs describes
(They being, once, *Gods* sole peculiar *Vine*,
Till they did from his *Loue* and *Lure* decline)
That, by a figure, are in them included
Th' *Elected Gentiles*, once from *Grace* secluded.
Euen *People* of all Nations vnder *Heauen*
(To whom, *Saluation*, *God* in *Christ* hath giuen)
Are here all ta'ne for sp'ituall *Israelites*,
Whom *Christ* the *Corner-stone* to th' *Iewes* vnites.
At these twelue *Gates*, twelue *Angels* there did stand.
But, not like *Edens-Angels*, in their hand
Holding a sword, a sword like fierie flame,
To daunt and driue, what euer thither came:

What the
Wall signi-
fies.

Jerem. i. 18.
A good
Preacher is
called a
Wall.
The Gates.

What the
Gates doe
signifie.
* Practically
difficult,
Doctrinally
plaine and
easie.

Note.

Gal. 3. 7.

Gen. 31
Twelue An-
gels at the
twelue gates

But,

A Prospective Glasse

But, here these *Angels* stand like *Porters* kind,
That *Abr'ams* faithfull *Sonnes* accessse may find
Vnto the *Tree of Life*, and *Sacred Spring* :
Which growes and flowes from *Chriſt* this *Edens King*.

The excel-
lent situati-
on of the
Gates.

Exch. 48. 31.

With most commodious decent *Scituation*
Are these twelue *Gates* plac't 'bout this heau'nly *Station* ;
And good *Ezechiel* doth them thus digest,
Three *East*, three *North*, three *South*, and three by *West*.

* *Iuda.*

These three *Tribes* names *Dan*, *Ioseph*, *Beniamin*,
Ore the three *Easterne Gates* were to be seene.

Ore the three *Ports* set on the *Northerne* side,
* *Iud'*, *Leui*, *Reubens* names might be describe.

Ore the three *Southerne Gates* th' *inscription*
Of *Simeon*, *Isachar*, and *Zabulon*.

Also the three *Gates* on the *West* part, had
The names of *Aser*, *Naphtalim*, and *Gad*.

Of which most decent triple distribution
Of these twelue *Gates*, this is the resolution ;

Namely, that all the *Saint-elect* *Soules*,
Whose names are written: Heau'ns eternall *Rowles*,

Reuel. cap. 21

From what soeuer quarter of the *Earth*,
They had their first originall and birth:

Yet, haue but one especiall meanes t' ascend
Vnto this *Citie*, their *Hopes* happy end.

To wit, the blest profession of the *Trinitie*,

* *Brethren.*

Hereby, to *Chriſt* th'are ioyn'd in neere * *Affinitie*.

And, that they thus, professing *Three* in *One* :

Shall find the way wide ope' to heau'ns high *Throne*

Shall find the path most patent, plaine and straight,

And at the *Gates* twelue *Angels* for them wait.

The Foun-
dations.

A twelue-fold *Ground-worke* and *Foundation* strong,

Did also to this mightie-wall belong.

I meane not to the *Citie*, but the *Wall*,

1. Cor. 3. 11.

For, of the *Citie*, *Chriſt* is *All* in *All*.

Vpon which twelue *Foundations* glorious, rare,

Twelue
foundations
the twelue
Apostles.

Chriſts twelue *Apostles* names were grauen faire :

Who, here are said to be this *Walls* foundation,

By their *Apostolique Administration*,

For, hauing first by their blest *Ministrie*,

Chriſt Iesus Doctrine preached publikely

Vnto

to looke into Heauen.

Vnto the World: As the first *Instruments*
Are therefore, thus, the twelue strong *Firmaments*:
Not that they are the principall *Foundation*,
But hauing first place in this *Fabrication*,
Are (as I so may say) the first stones laide,
On which the building of this *Wall* was made.
For, no man is so silly, as to say,
That the *Foundation* doth it selfe downe lay:
But, that's the office of the *Architector*,
Which is *Christ Iesus*, this great works *Director*.
This *Cities Soueraigne*, whose vn-shrinking shoulders,
Are this most glorious *Cities* firme vpholders.
Who laid his twelue *Disciples* as *Supporters*
Of this *Quadrangled Walls* most spacious *Quarters*,
As those in whom his *Churches Doctrine* pure
Did most consist and constantly endure:
Thus are th' *Apostles Grounds of Ministrations*,
But *Christ* the onely *Basis of Salvation*.
But what sayes *Rome* to this? that *Man of Sinne*,
Who proudly raignes and rules as *Lord and King*,
Peters Supremacie, superiour State,
Is here (me thinks) quite torne, worne out of date.
For, though our *Sauour* call'd his *Faith*, the *Rocke*,
Whereon hee'd build his *Church*, his *Loue*, his *Flocke*,
And his and all th' *Apostles Doctrine* pure,
To be his *Churches Ground-worke*, grounded sure:
Yet, neither is *St. Peter* here exprest,
To be in dignitie aboue the rest:
Nor yet to be the principall *Foundation*:
But One with others haue their pointed *Station*.
Then (surely) hence, 'tis most apparant plaine,
That *Anti-christ* of *Rome* doth not maintaine
His proud prioritie, from *Peters Faith*;
But from his *Person* (whom he falsly saith,
T'haue beene *Romes Bishop*, which, nor he, nor's crue
Shall ere be able to approue as true)
His *Person* 'tis, I say, not *Doctrine* pure,
Oh this it is the *Pope* can worst endure:
Therefore since he mis-deemes *Christs* blest *Foundation*,
He ne're shall haue least part in *Christs Salvation*.

How the
twelue A-
postles are
the twelue
foundations.



Romes vsur-
pation of
Supremacie
from *S. Peter*
touched and
briefly con-
futed.

A Prospective Glasse

The Cities
quantitie
measured.

But now returne wee whence we haue digrest,
The *Light-bright Angell* (which did manifest
Vnto *S. Iohn* this glorious sacred *Sight*)
Now like some noble *Pers'nage*, *Princely* wight,
Like to another prudent *Nehemie*,
Or like good *Ezra* full of prudencie,
By th' *Symbole* of a *Golden Reede* in's hand,
Did represent, that hee with that *Met-wand*,
The *Cities* spacious *round* should measure out
The *height*, *length*, *breadth*, and *compassse* all about,
Entries and *wall*, enuironing the same
All vnder line and measure truly came :
All most exactly form'd with due respect,
By the *Arch-Artist* of this *Architect*.

This Golden
Reede signi-
fies the word
of God, by
which all the
parts of the
Citie are to
be measured
and fitted
for this build-
ing.

Iere. 27. & 28
Ezech. 4. & 5.
and 40.
Examples
moue more
than pre-
cepts.

The figure
or forme of
the Citie
four square

Yea, with a *Golden Reede* he meates the same,
Most fit to measure such a glorious frame.
By which externall gesture, th' *Angell* heere,
As else-where in the *Prophets* may appeere
In their *Prophetick Visions* vs'd to show
The *Lords* intent, by thus descending to
Our weake capacity : which nere can keepe
A *verball document*, in mind so deepe,
As *actuell gestures* euermore we find,
Examples more than *precepts* teach the mind.
And heere, by th' *Angels* meating with a *Reede*,
Wee are aduiz'd to take especiall heede,
And deeply to imprint in mind and heart,
The subsequent description and rare Art,
The stately *Symmetry*, worth admiration,
Of this *coelestiall sacred Habitation* :
Contayning in't an heau'nly harmony,
With the chiefe grounds of *Christian verity*.
This *City* lay in forme *Quadrangulare*,
By which *firme Cubiq*, plat-forme, heere we are
To vnderstand and note, the stable state
Of this *Mount-Ston* free from Hostile hate :
Not to be stirr'd by tempests violent,
Immoueable, most constant, permanent.
Which being square, the *Gates* are opposite
To the four *Corners* of *Earths-Globe* aright,

From

to looke into Heaven.

From every part whereof to let in those,
Whom *Christ* the *Lambe* to raigne with him hath chose.
The foure *Euangelists* the patterne are,
By whom this edifice was fashion'd square:
By *Matthew*, *Marke*, *Luke* and *Christ* iendred *Iohn*,
Was fram'd (I say) this Constitution.
And since the twelue *Apostles*, as foresaid,
Were, by their short and present doctrine, made
The strong *Foundation* of the holy *Wall*:
Is't not a *Concord* most harmonicall?
That these *Euangelists* most excellent,
By their *Long-lasting-written Testament*;
Should the foure *Corners* of that square build out,
And it to full perfection bring about.
The *Angell* then, with's *Keede* the *Citie* meted;
Which by iust Measure was thus computated,
Twelue thousand *Stades*, whereof eight makes a *Mile*,
Which fiftene hundred Miles doe iust compile:
The *Length*, *Height*, *Breadth*, being all of equall space,
Doe make, almost, infinite roome and place.
Within the *Wall*: As *Christ* himselfe hath said,
In my deare heau'nly *Fathers* house, are made
Many faire *Mansions*: fit to comprehend,
Th'increase of *Gods* elect, to th' worlds last end.
Now then, the totall body of this place,
Doth to vs represent the beautiful grace,
The great felicitie, admired ioy,
Which in this *Citie* we shall sure enioy
In the vnited glorious *Deitie*,
Th' in comprehensible *Trine-Vnitie*.
The three distinct dimensions, as foreshew'd,
Of *Latitude*, *Longitude*, *Altitude*,
Present the severall measures of delight,
Which in the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy-Sprite*,
We shall possesse: and this felicitie,
To be alike, of equall *Quantitie*.
There shall we *Three* in *One* most cleerely see,
There also shall we worship *One* in *Three*,
And of this ioy we shall haue full fruition,
Alike of all, without all intermission,

C

Euen

The foure
corners, the
foure *Euang-*
gelists.

For more
full satisfac-
tion herein
See *Napier*
on the *R-us*.

Iohn 14. 2.

What is
meant by
Longitude,
Latitude, and
Altitude.

Napier

A Prospective Glasse

A most excellent
observation of
all the pre-
mised forms
of this *Citie*.
Napier.

Euen as the *Persons* are *One* in the *Deitie*,
And one in substance in the *Vnite Trinitie*.
The premises thus re-observ'd, afford
To vs a most harmonious sweete accord,
Twixt *God* and this his holy *Habitacle*,
The *Lambes* sweete *Spouse*, celestiall *Tabernacle*.
God, the Worlds most admired *Artizan*,
When first he fashion'd and created *Man*,
Like his owne perfect *Image* did him make;
God would *Man* should his Makers likenesse take:
Euen so this *Cities* specious *Symmetrie*,
Is shaped like heauens sacred *Deitie*.
As *God* himselfe in *Trinitie* is *One*:
So by this *Citie* his true *Church* is showne.
As of the *God-head* there be *Persons Three*,
And *Father*, *Sonne* and *Spirit* co-equall bee:
So those dimensions, *Length*, *Height*, *Breadth*, are all
By the *Angell* measur'd, to be iust equall.
As neither *Person* in the *Deitie*,
Is separable from their *Vnite*:
So none of these dimensions, being *Three*,
May from a *Citie* separated bee,
Or other solid body, otherwise
It were not sound, but *Line* or *superficie*.
The *Persons Three* and their three *Offices*,
Are not confounded: and no more are these;
For neither is the *Length*, the *Breadth*, and so
The *Height* is neither *breadth*, nor *length* we know,
And euen as *Athanasius* in his *Creede*,
As wittily, as wisely doth proceede,
And sayes, the *Father*, *Sonne* and *Holy-Sprite*,
Though three in *Persons* are one *God Vnite*:
So *Longitude*, *Latitude*, *Altitude*,
Must *One* sole *Citie* euermore include.
The *Doctrine* also of the *Deitie*,
Is witnest in the *Foure-fold Veritie*,
Writ by the *foure Euangelists*: so here
This *New-Ierusalem*, as doth appeare,
Is in a *Quadrate*, or *square* forme set downe;
Most like a strong immouecable firme *Tonne*.

The

to looke into Heauen.

The twelue *Apostles*, were disperst and sent
To euery quarter of Earths continent,
To preach to all our Sauiours doctrine sound;
Whereby all Nations Heau'ns right rhode-way found:
On twelue *Foundations*, so, stands this great frame,
And by twelue *Gates* all goe into the same.
Lastly the *God-head* vniuersallis,
And infinite in glory and in blisse,
Infinitely extended ouer all:
So in *Ierusalem* coelestiall,
Is infinite tranquillitie and peace,
Aboundant roome, for all the great encrease
Of *Gods* deare *Saints*, who were predestinate
To this *Ieruselems* most happie state.
Thus hauing heard this sacred *Symphonie*
Twixt *God* and's *Church*: proceed we orderly.
The *Angell* now here measuring the *Wall*,
The mightie *Bulwarke Apostolicall*,
Of this *Angelicke Seate* of sanctitie,
Found it to be rais'd vp in Cubits high,
Euen by a twelue-fold high-ascending *Course*,
By th' twelue *Apostles* rais'd to mightie force.
But this though spoken in a humane sort:
Yet hath a heau'nly sence of great import.
Namely, that though the *Church*, here, *Militant*
Was euermore distrest with woe and want;
Being by worldly obstacles kept-low,
And neuer could to full perfection grow:
Yet now in her *Tryumphant* dignitie,
To plenarie perfection springs on high;
This being by twelue *Courses* signifi'd,
Which twelue times so much more being multipli'd,
T'an hundreth fortie foure *Courses* of hight,
Doe make the *Wall* to rise, direct vpright,
By *Jewes* and *Gentiles* mightie multitude,
Whom *Grace* by *Faith* will in this frame include.
Thus now, we hauing scene the stately Stature,
The spacious *Compasse* of this Heau'n-built structure:
Let vs with our diuine Diuine behold
The Matter, substance and most precious Mould,

C 2

Where.

The *Wall*
measured,

This is spoken Allegorically, ha-
uing reference to hu-
mane build-
ing.

* *Note.*

Thus farre
of the forme
or constitu-
tion of this
Citie: Now
of the Mat-
ter or Sub-
stance wher-
of tis made.

A Prospective Glasse

Whereof the *Wall*, *Citie* and firme *Foundation*,
 The *twelve* great *Gates* of this Heav'n's Habitation,
 Were *Form'd*, *Adorn'd*, yea with what pavement rare,
 The *Streetes* were pau'd, all which is to declare
 The wonderfull vnspcakable delight,
 Which *Gods* deare *Saints* in presence of his sight,
 Shall in that life to come, to th' full possesse:

Esa. 54. 11, 12

And thus the *Prophet Esay* did redresse,
 And console the *Jewes* dis-consolation,
 Declaring in his true Vaticination,
 The glorie of this *New-Ierusalem*,
 Which *God* would once re-build, remake, for them.
 O happie are they, which are interested.
 And whose blest *Soules* are there into inuested!

The *Wall*.

The Matter
 wherof this
City is made,
 and first, of
 the *Wall*,
 which hath
 a two-fold
 considerati-
 on. first in
 the whole,
 tis *Iasper*:
 Secondly, in
 the *twelve*
Foundations
 exprest by
twelve Jewes
 as like the
twelve in
Moyses
 breast-plate.

* A very ex-
 cellent and
 remarkable
 obseruation
 in the *Wall*.

Now then, the building of this fenciu *Wall*,
 This sincere *Doctrine Apostolicall*,
 Of precious *Stones*, most gloriously did shine,
 With bountie and with beautie most diuine.
 Hauing a lustre like the *Iasper* greene,
 Which euermore to flourish shall be seene.
 Hence then, this Note is set before our eyes:
 That this rare *Fabrique*, pompous *Edifice*,
 Is all most precious, specious, round about,
 As *Bright* within, as it is *Light* without.
 But in this * *Wall*, this one thing is most rare,
 Is most regardable, beyond compare:
 That, though those *twelve Foundations* firme and strong,
 Were so by *Course* set and laid along,
 As that *Course* after *Course*, th'are placed all,
 And strangely ord'ed cleane throughout the *Wall*:
 Yet is the *Wall*, as here we plainly see,
 Thus wholly said of *Iasper* for to bee.
 Which is indeed to shew and signifie,
 That, though those *Ground-props* of the *Ministrie*,
 Whose rare and diuers gifts in euery one,
 Are by rich *Jewels* afterwards here showne:
 Yet that the *Matter* and the *Lustre* bright,
 Of this great *Wall*, are said (and that most right)
 To arise from *One*, which is the *Lord* alone,
 Designed here by this rare *Iasper* stone.

He

to looke into Heauen.

He only is the *Churches Bulwarke* strong,
For, though to these *Apostles* did belong
Diuerſitie of gifts of heau'nly grace :
Yet each of them in his peculiar place
Did euer build one and the ſelfe ſame thing,
And not themſelues did preach, but *Chriſt their King*.
The *Cities* modell was of perfect *Gold*,
Moſt delectable, glorious to behold.
Which Mettle, for its ex'lent properties,
This *Cities* glorie rarely amplifies :
It being of all other chiefe and beſt,
For theſe fine reaſons in pure *gold* expreſt.
Firſt, that the burning *fire* conſumes it not.
Next, that it takes no *canker*, ſtayne or ſpot.
Again, for *uſe* it *longeſt* doth endure,
As alſo that the Fire makes it more *pure*.
Laſtly, nor Salt, nor Vineger can ſpoile,
Nor any ſuch liquiditie deſile
The faire corruſcant beautie of the ſame :
And therefore from the reſt it beares the fame.
O! muſt not then this *Citie* needs be ſtable ?
Is't not moſt ſtrong, inuincible, dureable ?
Being ſo free from ſtaynes of all corruption,
Being ſo farre from feare of Foes irruption.
Nay, here's not all, there's one more propertie
Of rare reſpect, of precious ex'lencie ;
Namely, that it like cleereſt *glaffe* doth gliſtre,
And thereby caſts a more admired Luſtre :
Whereby, is thus much to vs intimated :
That'tis not with foule ſpots contaminated,
But doth with ſuch a radiant ſplendor ſhine,
That All may alwaies cleerly caſt their eyne
With moſt ſweet contemplation, on the face
Of *Gods* great beautie and moſt bounteous grace,
By re-percuſſion of thoſe glorious beames
Which from his *God-head*, on his *Saints* forth ſtreames.
Therefore this glorious *Citie* of the Lord,
Which inwardly ſuch beautie doth afford,
Is farre vnlike the ſeate of *Romes* great *Whore* ;
Which *Shée* doth gild and gorgeouſly dawbe-o're.

The Cite of
pure gold.

Five excel-
lent proper-
ties in good
gold, *Plin. de*
Metal.

Like cleere
Glaſſe.

The Syna-
gogue of
Rome.

A Prospective Glasse

In her externall parts ; so to delude
The simple and besotted multitude.
Whereas, *within* *Shée's* wholly inquinated,
With filthy beastlinesse all-vitiated,
And by her *cup* of poysonous fornication,
Would all de-file with her abomination :
Being beast like drunken with the blood of *Saints*,
Which to *Heau'ns* Throne doe send vp *Abels* plaints.
But, this coelestiall sacred *Architeſture*,
Like *Salomons* faire *Brides* most *Princely* vesture,
Is precious, curious, beautifull *within*,
Admits no soile, or smallest touch of *Sin* ;
Within, without, all spotlesse puritie,
And inter-mixt with boundlesse Maiestie.
Thus hauing view'd the *Citie* and the *Wall*,
And what rare substance they are fram'd withall :
Now let's behold, and that with admiration,
The sumptuous substance of the strong *Foundation*.
All which, though of themselues they are most precious,
Yet are they made more gorgeous, gay and specious,
Being embost, enamelled and dight,
To make them giue a more resplendent light,
With *Patriarchs*, *Prophets*, and *Professors* good ;
With valiant *Martyrs*, who, not spar'd their blood
In *Christs* iust quarrell, with *Interpreters*,
And Soule-conuerting holy *Ministers* :
All these doe garnish, decke and decorate,
The *twelue Foundations* of this blissefull state.
Which here the *Angell* fitly doth compare
Vnto *twelue Gems*, or precious stones most rare,
Whose vertues, colours, places where they grow,
Is worth our labour seuerally to know.
The first *Foundation* is of *Iasper* stone,
An *Indian Gemme*, as is by *Plinie* showne ;
Whose specious splendor, and whose beautie rare,
'Tis easier to admire, than to declare.
For, a confuse promiscuous multitude
Of Noble vertues, it doth in't include :
In which, a pleasant multiplicitie
Of *Excellencies* rare varietie

Psal. 45.

The matter
whereof the
twelue found-
ations con-
sisted.

Iasper.

to looke into Heauen.

May be percein'd: but, which is chiefe or best,
Cannot be easly seene, or soone exprest:

For, it, as hath beene shew'd, doth represent
Gods blest similitude most excellent,
Therefore this stone (and that most worthily)
Hath in this building chiefe prioritie.

The second was a precious *Saphyr stone*.

Saphyre.

Which is reported 'mongst the *Medes* t'haue growne,
Faire goldey spots, this precious stone doth garnish,
With a remarkable and beautilous burnish.

The third was of a *Chalcedonie* cleere,

Chalcedo-
nie.

Found 'bout the *Chalcedonian* waters; neere

The Rocks *Semplegad's* or those Isles in *Thrace*:

This stone being nam'd after that foresaid place,

'Tis of one colour glist'ring like a flame,

And with the *Carbuncle* doth seeme the same.

Which with good reason, well may signifie,

Of burning zeale an ardent feruencie.

The fourth an *Em'raude*, or *Smaragdes* rare.

Emeraude.

Which stone 'tis said doth grow i'th' *Scythian* Lare,

Of colour Greene, glistring most cleere and bright,

Which hiew indeed doth most content the sight;

And is internally as admirable,

As for externall beautie delectable:

For, it by too-intentive contemplation

The sight grow dimme, this stones rare delectation

Doth soone refresh the lassitude of th'eye,

And giues the sight perfection speedily:

Whose beautie Greene, sound *Knowledge* intimates,

Which th'eye of vnderstanding highly rates,

" Therefore 'tis next the *Chalcedonie* set;

" To shew, that where *Zeale* hath with *Knowledge* met,

" And are conioyn'd i'th' heart their supreme seate:

" Then are they both most pure and most compleate.

For, *Knowledge* without *Zeale* brings proud Ambition,

And *Zeale* without true *Knowledge*, Superstition.

A *Sardonixe* is for the fift *Foundation*,

Sardonixe,

Which is a *Gemme* found in the *Indian* Nation,

Whose superficial face is red and white,

Like a Mans naile of's hand, and shines most bright.

A Prospective Glasse

And this doth also to vs signifie,
A certayne shew of chaste *Humanitie*.

Sardius.

A *Sardius*, *Carbuncle* or *Rubie* rare,
Doth this most sacred sixt *Foundation* reare.
A precious stone, which specially is found
By *Sardis Citie*, in the *Lybian* ground:
Of colour red like bloud, to intimate,
“ *Seueritie* on *Clemencie* should waite;
And fildy’s with the *Sardonix* here placed,
Because the foresaid fleshly colour’s graced,
And cannot fade, but fresh viuificate,
By being ioyn’d with this associate.

Chrysolite.

The seuenth *Foundation* is a *Chrysolite*:
An *Aethiopian* stone which glisters bright,
Of golden hiew, and this doth demonstrate
Much *dignitie*, and great *Maiesticke* state.

Beryll.

The eighth a *Beryll*, which (as *Plinie* saith)
Is found in *Indie*: this, for colour hath
Sea-water-greene, betokening *Lowlinesse*:
For, water as experience doth expresse,
Yeelds and giues place to each interposition,
Which is against it set, or makes incision.

“ Set with the *Chrysolite* to signifie,
“ *Meeknesse* with *Greatnesse* should keepe companie:

Topaze.

A vertuous meane thus euer to retayne,
And rash extremes still wisely to refrayne.
The ninth a *Topaze*, which was first found out
By *Arabian Rovers*, ranging all about,
Call’d *Troglodyt’s*: this stone’s of colour greene,
And yet not simply so, for in’t is seene
Much yellownesse, glistring like perfect gold,
Giuing a lustre pleasant to behold.

Chrysoprase.

A precious stone call’d *Indian Chrysoprase*,
Doth this great *Walls* tenth firme *Foundation* raise.
Which also giues a certayne golden glistre,
But therein is a *Scallion-uyce* commixture.

Hyacinth
& *Ametist.*

This *Fortresses* eleuenth and twelfth *Foundation*,
Were both of them two Iems of *Indian Nation*,
Call’d *Hyacinth* and *Ametist*: both which
Are of a purple colour faire and rich.

And

to looke into Heauen.

And now of all that hitherto is said,
Of these rich precious *Stones*, whereof was made
This twelve fold solid glorious strong *Foundation*,
This is the scope, true vie and application:
Namely, that as a carefull *Architector*,
Who of a Princely building is *Director*;
And *Chiefe Ore-seer*; sends with expedition
His *Quarriers*, *Masons*, giues them this commission,
In euery quarter to search out and dresse,
To hew and cut, to haue in readinesse
The choycest stones that might be got for gold,
For strength to build, and beauteous to behold:
Or, as *Wit-wand'rous Salomon* is said,
When he would haue the *Lords* great *Temple* made,
To send his *Princes*, to prouide each thing,
Which might decore the seate of *Heau'ns* great *King*:
With *Hiram* his kind Neighbour did compact,
For necessities to that sacred *Alt*:
Who sent both men and all his choicest stuffe,
Of euery thing abundantly enough:
Euen to the *Lord*, this *Cities* *Master Builder*,
Earths-globby *Vniuerses* strong-hand *Weilder*,
To th'building of this blessed *Habitation*
Sent his *Apostles* into euery Nation,
To *Inde*, *Aegypt*, *Aethiopia*,
Arabia, *Europe*, and *Armenia*,
Through euery Coast ith' worlds circumference,
To teach and preach with care and diligence,
To Congregate and bring into his fold,
His precious people; who, like perfect gold
Should gorgeously adorne this sacred frame,
Some *Prophets*, *Martyrs*, *Preachers* of great fame;
Some with one gift, some with another graced,
That in this *Structure* they might thus be placed,
To frame and build this *euer-lasting Palace*
Of *euer-living stones*, and endlesse *tolace*.
Who as th' had built his *Church* once *Militant*:
Now should they thus build vp his *Church Triumphant*.
And as they had conuerted *Soules* to *Christ*:
Their *Soules* should shine like *Starres* in glorie high't.

An obserua-
tion of the
Premises.

Simile.

Simile.

King *Hiram*
a true type
of the Voca-
tion of the
Gentiles.
1. King. 5. 2.

Dan. 12. 3.

Thus

A Prospective Glasse

Twelve Gates of Pearle. All of them but One Pearle, which is Christ Iesus. John 10.9. Simile. Obiection: Answer. Simile. Christ com- pared to a Pearle.	Thus then the <i>Citie, Wall, and Ground-work</i> past, To th' <i>Gates</i> with ioy we now are come at last. Twelve <i>Gates</i> most rich and precious did belong To th' <i>Wall Apostolike</i>, most firme, most strong, Which <i>Gates</i>, were all of <i>Pearles</i> most Orient: Yet all were but <i>One Pearle</i> most excellent, Euen <i>Iesus Christ</i>, who is the only <i>Port</i>, Through whom th' <i>Elect</i> must into blisse resort. Through whom alone by Faith we here are fed. Through whom at last we all shall taste that bread, That <i>Bread of Life</i> neuer to hunger more, Which for his <i>Saints Christ</i> hath laid vp in store. He only is the <i>Doore</i>, by which (I say) We shall goe in and out, feed, liue for ay. And as on twelve <i>Foundations</i> did arise A <i>Wall</i>, as we did formerly premise; But <i>One</i> in Matter and in lustre bright, Euen <i>God the Father</i>, <i>Father</i> of all <i>Light</i>: So these twelve <i>Ports</i>, are all <i>One Pearle</i> most rare, Euen <i>God the Sonne</i> whence they deriued are. But here, this one <i>Obiection</i> may accrew, How it may come to passe, a <i>Pearle</i> should shew And represent this <i>Man-God Christ</i> our <i>King</i>? To which <i>Obiection</i>, I this <i>Answer</i> bring: That as the <i>Shell</i> wherein the <i>Pearle</i> doth grow, (Which <i>Plinie</i> plainly in his worke doth show) Doth at a certayne season gape and yawne, And without any generating <i>Spanne</i>, Drawes into it a <i>Dew</i> from forth the <i>Aire</i>; Which, by the <i>Sea</i>, i'th' <i>Shell</i> growes <i>Orient faire</i>, And of this <i>Dew</i> doth more coagulate, Than 'tis of earthly stuffe coaugmentate: Euen so, the <i>Holy Ghost</i> from Heau'ns high frame, Vpon the blessed <i>Virgin Marie</i> came; And <i>Gods</i> eternall power, whose breath All made, Did so <i>Christs Virgin-Mother</i> ouer-shade: That without any <i>Humane</i> copulation, <i>Christ</i> in her Wombe tooke on him <i>Incarnation</i>. Yet so, as that his powerfull <i>Diuinitie</i> Was still assistant vnto his <i>Humanitie</i>,
---	---

Which

so looke into Heauen.

Which subiect was to Mans Infirmitie:
But not to Sinnes euen least Impuritie;
Being thus most perfect God and Man indeed,
Knowing our wants, to helpe vs at our need.
Thus then, wee see, that these twelue Pearly Gates
Consisting of One Pearle, this intimates,
That we in Heau'n or Earth none other haue
To inuocate, our sinfull Soules to saue,
But Iesus christ, true God and Man alone,
Who sits (our Advocate) in Heau'ns high Throne.
Oh then, the wilfull madnesse of our Foe!
That monstrous Beast of Rome, who though he know
This our Position most Authentically,
Both he and his besotted Shauelings all,
Yet, they vnto their Saints appropriate,
And vnto Angels dare accommodate
The honour only due to Christ, blest Name,
Angels themselves hauing refus'd the same.
And since nor Saints, nor Angels know our state,
Nor haue in them, power, vs to console,
But Christ hath will'd vs come to him alone,
Who can and will ease and appease our mone:
Therefore, that they dare adde and thus diminish
From Gods firme Truth; they doe but striue to finish
And measure vp to th' full their owne damnation,
Threatned to all such in the Revelation.
The Gates thus entred, now we may behold
The Streets within, all pau'd with purest gold,
Which gaue a lustre like the clearest glasse,
Euen euery Street through which the Saints shall passe,
And customarily walke vp and downe,
Like glorious Kings in pompe and great renowne:
Which Streets and patent passages, imply
(Amongst their other ioyes) the Libertie
And perfect Freedome, which those sacred Saints
Shall fully there possesse; without restraints
Of being vnto any one place ty'd,
For why, wheres'ere they goe, God is their Guide,
They walke in God, and God in them alwayes:
Their beauteous paths shining with his bright rayes.

*Non ignarus
mali, miserie
succurrere
posuit.
Heb. 4. 35.*

No saluation
but by Christ
onely.

Romes pray-
ing to Saints
touched.

Esay 63.

The Streets
all paued
with Gold.
Glittering
like Glasse.

Thus

A Prospective Glasse

Thus farre
concerning
the Essentiall
Maiestie and
glorie of this
Citie.

Thus haue we seene th' *Essentiall Maiestie*,
This *Cities* glorious frame and *Symmetrie*,
The most magnificent and blissefull *State*
Of those which are in *Christ* incorporate:
But yet, whiles here, we see't no otherwise,

Then as we had a *Mist* before our eyes.
Then as we were ith' bottome of a vaile,
Whence of a perfect sight we needs must faile,
By reason that cloud-kissing *Mountaynes* hie,
And *loftie Trees* are interpos'd to th'eye:
And hereby hinder our more cleere aspect
Of this most glorious heauenly *Architect*:
So that, but *Ænigmatically*, wee

1. Cor. 13. 12.
Rom. 1. 17.

As through a Glasse, this sacred *Citie* see;
Whiles in the *Flesh* we liue by liuely *Faith*,
As blessed *Paul* in his *Epistle* saith:

Yet let it ioy our hearts, our *Soules* delight,
That though but thus, we may admire this sight.
That though but with the *Prophet Daniel*, wee
May ope' the window and looke toward thee,
O *Date-lesse*, *Fate-lesse*, *Rest-full*, *Blisse-full* *Citie*;
Where *Halleluiab* is the *Angels* Dittie.

Dan. 6. 10.

The Acces-
sarie beautie
of this Citie.

Now let it not be (O! how can it bee?)
Tedious to vs, to contemplate and see
What *Maiestie* and *Dignitie* compleat
Is *Accessarie* to the glorie great
Of that externall beautie of this place,
Fill'd with the glorie of the *Lords* bright face;
Making this *Citie* most magnificent,
An abstract *Common-weale* most permanent.

No Temple.

First, there shall be no *Temple* in the same,
Wherein to worship *Gods* all-glorious Name,
No *Sacrificing*, no peculiar place,
To worship in, or be this *Cities* grace,
Nor no externall *Padagogie*, shall
Be vsfull there, no *Seruice Ritvall*,

A simple &
sincere wor-
ship of God
without Ce-
remonies.

Like that vnder the *Law* amongst the *Iewes*,
When they did their old *Sacrifices* vse.
But, *God* the *Father*, and the *Lambe Christ Iesus*,
Shall of such heauie yokes then cleerly ease vs.

And

to looke into Heaven.

And be a *Temple* vnto his, most faire,
To whose blest sight *Saints* with delight repaire.
His worship, then, shall be most plaine and pure,
And shall for euer constantly endure,
Without all *Legall Rites* or *Ceremonie*,
Adoring *God* in *Christ* in *Sanctimonie*.
Whose lookes to them as *Lessons* shall appeare,
His only *Name* be'ng *Musike* in their eare.
And such indeed is this great *Cities State*,
So admirable, so inexplicate:
That gold and precious stones being too too base,
T'expresse the glorie of that glorious place,
If *Nature* did more precious things bring forth,
More amply to describe this *Cities* worth:
I therefore know not, what terrestriall thing
We may with due proportion hereto bring,
To haue a fit and true *Analogie*
Vnto this *Temp'e* of eternitie,
But *God* himselte and *Iesus Christ* alone;
In whom it may most properly be showne.
Againe, this *Citie* hath no need of *Light*,
Neither of *Sunne*, or *Moone*, or *Starres* most bright.
For, as the *Prophet* saith, When *God* againe
Shall his deare *Church* restore and o're it raigne;
The glorious *Light* thereof so cleere shall shine,
By the blest presence of the *Vnite-Trine*:
That euen the *Sunne* and *Moone* shall seeme most darke,
And in comparison but like a sparke,
To that ineffable, refulgent light
Of *Gods* blest countenance and sacred sight.
Whereby alone the *Saints* shall all possesse
Such perfect ioy and heartie cheerfulnesse,
As that all earthly comfort, though it seem'd,
And were as bright as *Sunne* and *Moone* esteem'd,
Shall be superfluous, needlesse, most neglected,
And (vnto this compar'd) not least respected.
Also, the *Heires* and *Sonnes* of this *Saluation*,
Euen all th' *Elected* People of each Nation,
* *Kings* of the Earth whom *Euphrates* did barre,
And once sequester from *Christs* Kingdome farre;

Nothing fit
to represent
the heauenly
Temple, but
God himselfe,
who is the
Temple.

No need of
Sun, Moone,
or Starres.

Eisy 24.23.



Magnificēce
and Princely
state.

* Gentile

So

A Prospective Glasse

So many as are sau'd (as many shall)
 Shall in *Ierusalem* coelestiall
 With perfect ioy, enioy the full fruition
 Of this most infinite and *beau'nly Vision*,
 And thither shall their pompe and honour bring,
 Euen vnto *God* and *Christ* their heau'nly King.
 But here's not meant their worldly *wealth* and *state*,

Note.

Their *Gems* and *Iewells*, *Gold* or *Siluer* plate,
 For, since this sacred *Citie* needs no *light*
 Of *Sunne* or *Moone*, which shine on Earth so bright:
 Much lesse shall there be need of worldly pelfe,
 In this most sacred sumptuous *Common wealth*.

Vertue and
 Pietie are
 the riches of
 the heauenly
Ierusalem.

But this is hereby vnderstood and meant,
 That those good *Princes* which were eminent
 For vertuous gifts of *Grace* and *Pietie*,
 Shall lift vp all their whole felicitie,
 Their glorie and their *Princely* estimation
 From earthly vnto heau'nly contemplation:
 And only fixe their ioy vpon the same,
 And glorie thus to glorifie *Gods* Name.

Securitie.

The *Gates*, moreouer, of this *Citie*, shall
 Be *newer shut*, but stand wide ope' to all.
 None shall from this felicitie be staid,
 Nor be shut vp, as frighted or afraid.
 For there shall be no *Enemy* to feare them,
 No doubt of danger, then shall once come neere them,
 All spight of former *Aduersaries* cease,
 For there shall be perpetuall rest and peace.

No Night.

And which is more, there shall be here no *Night*,
 For why, an euerlasting splendour bright
 From *Gods* all-glorious presence shall proceed,
 A *Light* more pure than *Light* it selfe indeed,
 Shall so incessantly shine forth alway,
 Making an endlesse euerlasting *Day*.

An euerla-
 sting *Day*.

But here this *Night* may further intimate,
 A two-fold meaning *Lit^rall*, *Figurate*:

A double
 meaning of
 this *Night*.
Literall.

The *Literall* sense that there no *Night* shall bee,
 Is, that indeed the *Saints* no *Night* shall see.
 For why? as hath beene said all *Times* distinctions
 Of *Day* and *Night*, *Summer* and *Winter* seasons

Shall

to looke into Heauen.

Shall then quite cease and be superfluous :
The *Figurative* sense and meaning, thus
May be explain'd, that no obscuritie
Of *Error* or of slye *Hypocrisie*,
No vncleane thing foule or abominable,
No filthy Creature, Lye detestable,
No murdering *Caines*, no *Iudas* impious,
No *Cham's*, nor *Achams* sacrilegious,
No cruell, faithlesse, friendlesse enuious *Else*
That hurts his Neighbour, but much more *Himselfe*,
“ No *Auaricious* arm'd in hooking *Tenters*,
“ And clad in *Bird-lime* catching all aduenterers,
Nor ought that may contagiously infect,
Or once eclipse the ioy of *Christs Eleet*,
Or violate the glorious state and blisse
Which *Christ* the *Lambe* hath purchased for *His* :
Nor in the least degree shall hurt or wrong
The flourishing estate, which doth belong
To th' *Saints* rare dignitie, and perfect *Light*
Of *sincere-worship* of the *Lord* of *Might* :
Which is his *Angels* glorie and chiefe grace,
And shall for euer in them keepe firme place.
But those shall hither come with ioyes most rife,
Whose Names are registred i'th' *Booke of Life*,
For whom the *Lambe Christ Iesus* did ordaine
This glorious Kingdome, with him thus to raigne ;
Who were predestinate to this *Saluation*,
Before the *Worlds* originall Foundation.
To these alone the *Gates* stand open wide,
These shall for euer with the *Lambe* abide.
Lastly, to make this *Citie* most compleat,
In euery part to be as good as great,
The *Holy Ghost* hauing at large declared
The *Churches* glorie, being thus compared
Vnto a sumptuous *Citie*, full of State,
Now finally proceedeth to relate,
That, both this *Citie* and its *Citizens*
Are furnisht and replenisht with all meanes
For conseruation of their endlesse ioy,
Sufficient to protect them from annoy :

Figuratiue.



Zachary 14.
20.
Esay 52.1.

Cœlestiall
Aliment or
Foode.

They

A Prospective Glasse

The same is *They haue, I say, spirituall liuely meate,*
the meate & *Diuine Angelike Mann' to drinke, to eate,*
drinke in *The soueraigne * Balsum to conserue alway*
heauen, euen *Their health, in health, from fall or least decay.*
Christ. *The holy Spirit as erst, here vsing still,*
* *Can. 1. 14.* *These earthly termes t'expresse Heau'ns sacred Will.*

A Riuer of
Water of
Life.

And all to shew *Heau'ns* great benignitie,
Descend'ng thus to our capacitie,
This honour'd *Citie* hath in it also
A sacred *Riuer*, which doth ouer-flow
With pure and precious *Water* of blest *Life*,
Whose streames doe issue from its Fount most rise.
A current *Riuer*, not a *Poole* with soile,
Not foule or troubled like *Aegyptian Nile*;
Or bill-wing *Euphrates*; but sweet and faire
With delectable streames, smooth, cleere and rare.

Iohn 4. 14.



A *Riuer*, for its great aboundancie,
Pure, in respect of its sweet *Sanctitie*,
Of *Water* of Gods *Spirits* rare gifts of *Grace*,
Of *Life*, whose *Tasters* liue an endlesse space,
And cleere as *Crystall* from all spissitude,
From all vncleane corrupt amari-
tude.

Iohn 7.

This *Riuer* shall from Gods great *Throne* proceed,
And from the *Lambs*, gliding with pleasant speed.
And thus this *Riuer* here may signifie,
The *Holy Ghosts* gifts, third in *Trinitie*.
Which is not tle ghtly ratifi'd, indeed,
In that 'tis said here, that it shall proceed
From Gods and from the *Lambs* most sacred *Throne*,
Which *Iohns* shewne *Prophecie* hath cleerly showne.
Yea, and ith' midst of this great *Cities* streete
Pau'd all with gold, as mould vnder their feete,
Through all the pleasant passages most faire,
Where to and fro the *Sauated Soules* repaire:

The Tree of
Life.

On either side this *Riuer* (rare to see)
Doth flourish fairely a *Life-giuing Tree*.
Which *Tree of Life*, doth thus much to vs show,
That to those gracious *Waters*, which doe flow
To all the *Graces* of Gods sacred *Spirit*,
Christ Iesus is conioyn'd, by whole iust *Merit*,

His

to looke into Heaven.

His Church hath Life, true Peace, and sure Salvation,
Thus hauing with the Sp^rite Co-operation :
And still residing with his Saints Ele^t,
Continually doth guide and them direct,
Exhibiting to all, by his tuition,
Easie partaking and a full fruition
Of all the Benefits and heau'nly Graces,
Which in and 'bout this River he thus places.
Whereon they all shall spiritually feede,
Alwayes desiring, yet ne're stand in neede.
Which Tree of life, twelue sorts of fruite doth beare,
Whereby the Holy-Spirit doth declare,
First that the Lord, who is the God of Order,
Doth much detest Confusion or Dis-order.
In still retayning as he first begun,
The number twelue, which hitherto is done :
And also to expresse that there shalbe,
In Numb^r and Measure full Sufficiencie,
To saturate the longing appetites,
Of all the twelue Spirituall Israelites,
Euen of all those that so haue run their race,
The twelue Apostles doctrine to imbrace,
T'obserue and keepe (Maugre the rage and spite
Of Pope or Pagan, foes to Truths pure light.)
Thus then, we see the Angell here obseruing
An exquisite Decorum, thence not sweruing :
Who, since the Citie, Entries, Roomes, Foundations,
And Symmetrie of these blest Habitations,
To th' Number-twelue haue beene accommodated;
And orderly thus still continued :
Therefore with decent correspondencie,
The Angell to this Number doth applie
The spirituall Food, and Furniture most meete,
Making a Consort most harmonious sweete,
Conformably agreeing thus in one,
With* those whence they had their comparison.
Now as twelue sorts of Fruite grow on this Tree,
The Saints to satisfie: so shall they bee
For Delicacie, sweet Content and Pleasure.
As euery Saint shall haue abundant measure:

Christ is the
Tree of life.

The Tree of
life beares
twelue sorts
of fruites.

1.
God is the
God of or-
der.

2.

Sufficiencie.

*The twelue
Apostles.

Delicacie.

A Prospective Glasse

So shall this pleasant *Plenitude* of Grace,
No Nauseous *Surfet* cause, in any case.
For, as *Christ Iesus* is that *Drinke* and *Meate*,
Whereof each *Sainted-Soule* shall taste and eate:
So is he *Sweete*, *Pleasant* and *Delicate*,
Whereon they feede their fill, yet moderate,
Taking sufficient for their *Contentation*,
And their beatitudes firme *Conservation*.

This Tree
beares fruit
euery Mo-
neth.

Which *Truth* is farther illustrated heere,
In that tis said this *Tree of life* doth beare,
Doth euery *Moneth* beare fruit, greene, ripe and faire,
Which with delights their appetites repaire.

The month-
ly fruit ar-
gues not
times alter-
nation, but
Saints con-
tentation.

Not that the *Times* shall then alceate bee,
By yeares, moneths, dayes, as now-a-dayes we see,
For then the *Seasons* cease, *Time*'s terminated,
Sunne, *Moone*, and *Starres*, are then quite vanished,
As formerly was toucht: but here is meant,
That all things then shall giue such rare *Content*,
Shall be so full of rich *Variety*,
Shall yeeld such *Cordiall Sweete Sacietie*,
And with such *Fulnesse* all the *Saints* shall feede,
As that to store and hoord-vp shall not neede.
In that the *Haruest* there shall euer last,
Their pleasant *Spring-time* then shall ne're be past.

The *Leaues*
medicinable

Also the *Leaues* of this most blessed *Tree*,
Shall *Salutiferous* and most *Soueraigne* bee,
To helpe, to heale, to cure all *Maladies*,
Which 'mongst the *Gentile Nations* doe arise.
So that this *Tree* not onely makes them *live*:
But to the *Elect* a healthfull *Life* doth giue.
Yet heer's not meant the *Churches* finall state,
But that, when *Anti-christ* is ruinate,
When *God* shall th'vnbeleeuing *Nations* call,
And faithlesse *Iewes*, who once from *Grace* did fall.

The spiritu-
all meaning
of the leaues

But by these *Leaues* is chiefly intimated,
That all the smallest gifts, accommodated
By th' *Lambe Christ Iesus* to the *Saints Elect*,
Shall serue *Some-way* their *Soules* with ioy & affect.
T' exhilerate and cheere their sacred mind,
In's meanest blessings they shall comfort find.

But

to looke into Heauen.

But now behold, now followeth indeede,
That which doth all the former ioyes exceede:
The absolute accomplishment of all,
The *Accessarie* blessings, which befall
The *Citizens* of this rare *Domicill*,
Th' *Inhabitants* of Gods great *Sion-Hill*.
Namely, that in it there no *Curse* shall bee,
It shall be from destruction firmly free.
It shall be subiect to no execration,
But strongly stand, fearelesse of alteration.
Which is a *Symbole*, and a certaintie
Of this blest *Cities* perpetuities,
A most infallible strong argument,
That tis eternall and most permanent.
A three-fold reason hereof may be giuen,
First, that (as is foresaid) this *Seate* of *Heauen*,
This holy *Habitacle* shall containe
No vncleane thing, which may its beautie staine.
Againe, the glorious Throne and sacred seate,
Whereon *Omni-potent Iehouah* great,
Whereon the blessed *Trinitie* will raigne,
Shall here abide and euermore remaine.
Lastly, in that all these his *Seruants* shall
With sincere *Loue* and *Zeale Angelicall*,
For euer inuocate his sacred name,
And his due praises constantly proclaime:
Seruing the *Lord* in singlenesse of heart,
Not once to will from's worship to depart.
But *Curses* are (we know) for grosse *Transgressours*,
For dis-obedient stubborne *Male-factours*,
Not for th'obedient, faithfull and sincere:
Thus then, is their perennitie most cleere.
More-ouer, all the *Saints* of this blest race,
Shall see th' all-beautious, Light-bright shining face
Of that *Arch-Essence* of eternitie,
To walke and talke with him familiarly:
And with inexplicable sweet delight
Haue full fruition of this sacred sight,
Not as he is, *Immense* and infinite,
For so euen *Angels* see not his bright light,

No curse or
malediction

Zac. 14. 17.

A three-fold
cause of the
Cities per-
petuities.

1.

2.

3.

The *Saints*
celestiall
contempla-
tion.

A Prospective Glasse

Who are described couering their face,
With their *Angellike* wings: in any case
Not able to behold his glorious sight,
He *Infinite*, they being *Definite*.

How wee
shall see
God.

1.

In respect of
our selues,
we shall see
God per-
fectly.

Yet that we shall haue his full contemplation
Is certaine, but with this iust limitation,
First, in respect of vs, we shall possesse
A perfect sight of Gods great *Holynesse*.

The Lord in vs, and we in him shall dwell
In such full measure, as no tongue can tell;
He will replenish euery facultie
Of Soule and Body most abundantly,
With his most precious presence: by his sight
Hee'll fill our *Minds*, from darknesse freed quite,
Our *Hearts* hee'll quicken, there shall be no deadnesse,
Our whole *Affections* free from gloomie sadnesse.

2.

This our
sight of God
shall be im-
mediate.

What man is capable to comprehend,
Euen so great glorie God will then extend?
Againe, of that blest sight, which we shall haue,
No *inter-mediums* shall our sight depraue.
Here, we as through a glasse, or vaile, him see,
By *mediate Revelations*: then, shall wee
Of him *immediate* perfect Sight possesse,
Which, none but those that haue it, can expresse
A measure running ouer, heapt and prest,
Will *Christ* bestow vpon his *Saints* most blest.

The Saints
Cognizance

1.

How the
name of the
Lord is writ-
ten in the
Saints fore-
head.

His Name shall also in their *Fore-heads* be.
That is, they shall with such bold *Constancie*,
And vn-reuolting Zeale professe his Name,
That nothing shall obliterate the same;
Or cause them once neglect their pure profession,
By least relapse or vndiscreete transgression.
They shall be so conform'd, confirm'd therein,
To perseuere as they did first begin,
Constant, couragious, euermore the same,
Professing still *Iehouah's* glorious Name.

2.

Zach. 14. 20.

Againe, his Name is said (as here we see)
Vpon their *Fore-heads* Caracted to bee,
Because the Lord will publikely agnize
Them, by this *Cognizance*: and Patronize

(By

to looke into Heauen.

(By his *All-sauing* and *All-soueraigne* power)
Them and their states, as in a fenced *Tower*.
And in this *Citie* there shall be no *Night*,
No neede of *Candle*, *Sunne* or *Starres* most bright,
That is, there shall be no obscuritie,
Or darknesse of aduerse *Calamitie*,
No *Night* of obumbraticke cloudie *Error*,
No frightening *Feare*, nor no heart daunting *Terrour*,
No flie bi-fronted close *Hypocrisie*,
Shall vitiate their intact *Integritie*,
No neede of earthly comforts more or lesse,
No seeking, suing there, wrongs to redresse,
By *Temp'rall Lawes*, or *Ecclesiasticall*,
For, there the *Trinitie* is *All in All*:
And is this glorious *Cities* great *Lord-Keeper*,
Most vigilant, and watchfull, hee's *No-sleeper*.
And, which (as was premis'd) is the perfection,
And consummating of this benediction,
This glorious *Kingdome*, where *Gods Saints* shall raigne,
Shall doubtlesse sempiternally remaine:
Like glorified *Kings* most gloriously,
Their blisse shall last, past all eternitie.
Now as a bounteous hearted *King* doth vse,
When he a *Fau'rite* vnto him doth choose,
On whom he meaneth largely to bestow
His golden gifts, like *Riuers* to ore-flow;
What he doth promise or by words proclame,
By's *Letters-Patents* ratifies the same:
Thus, O euen thus our bounteous hearted *King*,
The *Heart of Bountie*, *Loue's* ore-flowing *Spring*,
Hauing his *Church* his *Fauorite* elected,
And promis'd *Shee* shall be by him erected,
Richly endow'd, gorgeously beautified,
Rarely be royalliz'd, and sanctified,
Her head adorned with a *Crowne* of gold,
A fragrant *Garland* which shall ne're waxe old,
Triumphantly in endlesse ioy shall raigne,
And see her subiect, abiect foes in paine;
The *Lord* (I say) this promise hauing giuen,
That all these ioyes they shall possesse in *Heauen*:

Their per-
petuall light
and glorie
inculcated.

The plenary
perfection
of this *Citie*
is *Perennity*

The con-
clusion of
All.
Simile.

A Prospective Glass

The assurance
of these
most rich
promises.

To verifie his promise, and confirme
What he hath said, beyond *Times* endlesse terme,
Hath giuen his *Letters Patents*, his *Broad-Seale*
I'th' sacred *Scriptures*, which hee'le ne're repeale;
Seal'd by an *Angels* testimonie pure,
And as his *Act* and *Deed* giuen and made sure,
To blessed *Iohn*, in the behalfe and right
And to the vse of all the *Saints* of Light.
Which being done, makes thereof *Proclamation*,
With most *Emphaticall Assseueration*,
That *Hee*, the *Lord* of *Lords*, and *King* of *Kings*,
Hath power to doe, and will performe these things.
And surely, *Heau'n* and *Earth* shall passe away,
Yea, all things shall prepost'rously decay,
Ere his pure Word in one least jot or tittle,
Shall fade or faile, or alter ne're so little.

Atheists.

* *Reuel. 3. 16.*

Neuters.

Sadduces.

Pythago-
reans.

Which, though some *Wretches Atheisticall*,
Some * *Nauseous Neuter*, *Satan's Tennis-Ball*,
Some execrable *Sadduces* (I say)
Which doe the *Resurrection* denay,
Though some vile *Sectists Pythagoricall*,
Or *Infidells* most *Diabolicall*,
Which haue suppos'd the *Spirits Trans-migration*
From one t'another in *Lifes* consummation;
Which doe with deuillish dotage them perswade,
That there's no *God* which e're the *World* hath made;
Nor that the *World* e're had a *Prime beginning*,
And thinke and hold that it shall ne're haue ending,

Nullifidians.

Although such *Nullifidians* past all grace,
May entertayne a thought, with brazen face,
And heart of flintie *Infidelitie*,
To thinke or say that the rare *Symmetrie*
Of this *Ierusalem caelestiall*,
Seemes as a thing meere *Hyperbolicall*,
Incredible to their besotted sense,
And past the reach of their intelligence:

The reward
of vnbele-
uers.

Yet let the rabble of such *Miscreants* know,
That ther's 'gainst them pronounc't a fearfull wo;
Their *No-beliefe* or wauering *Vn-beliefe*,
Shall fill their *Soules* with *Neuer-ending* grieve:

And

to looke into Heaven.

And what they erst would not conceiue in mind,
Their heart with smart shall then both feeble and find.
Nor shall they haue least part or portion heere,
Of this great *Cities* pleasure, ioy, and cheere,
But from *Gods* presence shall be separated,
Which is the *Second Death* ne're terminated.
As for good *Abrahams* faithfull *Generation*,
Who wauer not in tottering hæsitation,
Who haue a *Heartie-thirst*, and *thirsting-heart*
Of these rare pleasures once to haue their part:
Whose *Hope* past *Hope* doth cause their soules aspire,
By *Faith* in *Christ* this *Kingdome* to acquire,
Wherewith, i'th' warfare of this *Life*, they *Fight*,
Fenc't with the *Bulwarke* of a zeale vpright,
Arm'd at all points, with *Christs* blest furniture,
Wherewith they may most constantly endure
The *Fight Spirituall*, their *Loynes* to tie
With the strong *Girdle* of *Christs Veritie*;
Hauing the *Brest-plate* on of *Righteousnesse*,
To quench the *Darts* of *Hells* outrageousnesse,
And on their *Head* the *Helmet* of *Saluation*,
True *Perill-Proofe*, 'gainst *Hells* most hot *Temptation*,
The *Sword* o'th' *Spirit*, brandisht in their *Hand*,
Wherewith they may couragiously withstand
That *Broode* of *Hell*, *Satan*, the *World*, the *Flesh*,
Which euermore assault the *Soule* afresh
With hot encounters, hellish *Stratagems*,
To keepe them from this *New-Ieruselems*
Eternall blisse: In which most faithfull fight
If they magnanimously stand vpright,
Assisted by that *All-Proofe*, seruent *Prayer*,
The *Godlies Guard*, *Supporter*, and chiefe *Stayer*,
If thus they get (as thus being arm'd, they shall)
The *Conquest*, o're those *Foes* fierce *Capitall*,
Euen from proud *Satan* their old *Enemie*,
When he shall *Challenge* them this fight to trie,
(As oft he will) they ne're by fraud or force,
By terrours or by torments leaue their course
Of constant *Perseuerance* to the end,
But his *Hopes* frustrate, and their soules defend:

The second
Death.
The faithfull
Believers.

A brieve de-
scription of
their spiri-
tuall warfare
and weapons

Their spiri-
tuall Ene-
mies.

They that
wilbe crow-
ned in Hea-
uen, must
winne the
conquest on
Earth.

A Prospective Glasse

The triumphant inau-
guration of
the Godly
into Heauen.

Then shall they like braue *Victors* haue the *Crowne*
Of immortalitie of blest renowne,
Triumphantly to raigne with *Christ* their King,
And all their *Vertues* as rich *Trophies* bring,
And lay before him, for which he will giue
A *Crowne*, a *Kingdome* wherein they shall liue,
The *Lord* in them and they in him shall dwell,
As *Christs* Co-heires, whom he loues passing well,
And shall sit downe with him as *Children* deare,
To *Sup* at's *Table* with cœlestiall *Cheere*,
And then their *Thirst* of this accomplishment
Shall satisfied be with full content.

The vnspeak-
able Maiesty
and Glorie
they shall
liue in.

Then shall the *Holy*, *Happy*, *Faithfull*, see
The *Structure* of this sacred *Frame* to bee
Farre more illustrious, admirable, rare,
Than earthly things could possibly declare;
And that those *Stones* and *Gold* were too too base,
To serue t'illustrate *Heau'ns* cœlestiall place,
Whose boundlesse beautie all discourse transcendeth,
Whose infinite felicitie ne're endeth,
Yea, that 'tis such as that no mortall *Eye*,
Could but as through a *Glasse* the same descry:
Such as no *Eare* hath heard, no *Tongue* e're told
The Maiestie which there they shall behold,
Yea such (I say) as neuer humane *Heart*
Could e're conceiue th'incogitable *Part*.

The Soules
most sacred
Soliloquie
and most ar-
dent desire
to be inue-
sted into
this Glorie.

O then, my *Soule*, thou hauing contemplated
This *Citie* all with glorie decorated,
Thou hauing view'd, with *Heart-exulting* pleasure,
The Maiestie vnparalleld, the matchlesse treasure,
The most magnificent, Maiesticke state,
Whereinto *Christ* will his incorporate:
What wilt thou thereof with thy selfe conclude?
What wilt thou say of this *Beatitude*?
Oh this, euen this, with *Peter* and with *Iohn*
At *Christs* admir'd *Transfiguration*,
'Tis good to make thy *Seate* and *Mansion* there,
O there 'tis best to dwell and dwell for e're.
Neuer did Noble *Greece* so much affect
Their *Poetiz'd* *Elysean* fields aspect,

Neuer

to looke into Heauen.

Neuer so much did wand'ring wise *Vlysses*
Desire his chaste *Penelopes* kind kisses:
Or rather, more diuinely for to raise
My thoughts vnto a more religious phrase,
Neuer did *Noah* more desire to see
Ararats Hills, where he of's *Arke* was free:
Nor *Sheba's* *Queene* to see wise *Salomon*,
Nor at *Christs* birth more glad was *Simeon*,
Then doth my Soule desire these heau'nly fields,
Which perfect pleasure, ioy, and comfort yeelds,
To see my *Sauour* sweet on *Sion* Hill,
My senses with his sacred light to fill,
To see him in his glorified state,
Therein to be with him associate:
Euen in these *Mansions* of eternitie,
To liue in sure in pure felicitie.
Which happinesse, though yet I may not haue,
Vntill my Soule receiue my Corps from *Grave*,
Vntill I mortall be immortalized,
And with the sacred *Angels* * *Angelized*,
Vntill i'th' clouds my *Sauour* come againe,
To re-collect th' *Elect* with him to raigne.
O yet, my Soule, thy selfe delight and solace,
To ruminate the ioyes of that sweet *Palace*,
To recapitulate the sacred pleasure
The *Saints* shall then possesse in plenteous measure,
Euen in th' eternall *Palace* *Crystalline*,
The sacred Seate of the *United* *Trine*;
The glorious *Court* and heau'nly *Presence-Chamber*
Of *Heau'ns* great *Emp'rour*, wonderfull *Commander*,
That *Alpha* and *Omega*, *First* and *Last*,
Who *Was*, *Is*, *Shall bee*, when all *Times* are past,
That mightie, powerfull, *One* sole *God* most high,
Th' eternall *King*, nay, *Selfe-Eternitie*,
Infinite, *All* in *All*, yet out of *All*,
Of *Ends* the *End*, of *Firsts* *Originall*,
The *Life* of *Lines*, *Bounties* o're-flowing *Flood*,
Cause of all *Causes*, *Ocean* of all *Good*,
Vn-Seene, *All-Seer*, *Starres-Guide*, *Sight* of *Seeing*,
That *One-None* which to *Nothing* gaue a *Being*.



1. Cor. 13.

* Not become an Angel, but bee like an Angel.

A briefe description of God.

There,

A Prospective Glasse

There, also shall my Soule behold and see
The most ineffable deepe *Mysterie*
Of that incomprehensible *Trine-one*,
Sitting in glorie in his glistering *Throne*,
With blessed *Saints* and *Angels* comitated,
With all the heavenly *Hoast* of Soule-beated
Prophets, *Apostles*, *Patriarchs* of old,
The noble band of *Martyrs* stout and bold,
Our *Parents*, *Wives*, our *Children*, *Kindred*, *Friends*,
Yea all to whom *Christs* sauing health extends:
All of them clad in blisse coelestiall,
All shining bright in ioy *Angelicall*.
Where in the presence of their heau'nly *King*,
They *Halleluiab*, *Halleluiab* sing
To him that sitteth on the *Throne* most high,
Making a most harmonious *Melodie*,
With sacred sugred *Notes* and heau'nly *Songs*,
Singing the praise which to the *Lambe* belongs.
This being their especiall exercise,
Their pleasant practice, customarie guise,
Still to behold the *Lords* most beautious face,
Burning with *Loue* of his most louely *Grace*,
Their mouthes still fill'd with praises of his name,
In magnifying his immortall fame,
Without all tediousnesse or intermission,
Protected alwayes by his blest tuition.
O there is infinite, vn-vttered ioy!
Mirth without *Mourning*, blisse without annoy,
Health without *Sicknesse* or pernicious humours,
Perfection without all Soule-tainting tumours.
Peace without *Warre*, and *Light* without darknesse,
Loue without *Hate*, *beautie* without palenesse,
Sweetnesse without all fulsome *surfeiting*,
Life without *Death*, life ere continuing.
There are no sighes, no sobs, no penurie,
No hunger, thirst, but with saturitie,
No chilling, killing frosts, or least extremes,
No parching Sun-shine, with hot piercing beames,
No will to Sinne, no power to offend,
No enemie least mischief to intend.

The Citi-
zens of the
heauenly
Canaan.

The admira-
ble Com-
forts and
vnspeakable
happinesse
of the hea-
uenly Ieru-
salem.



Good

to looke into Heauen.

Good *Paul* hath there no need to watch and pray,
To labour in the Word both night and day;
And good old *Ierome* then may cease t'afflict
Himselfe, so often, by a life most strict:
To conquer his spirituall Enemy,
To ouerthrow th'old *Serpents* subtiltie.
For there's all peace, securitie and rest,
That peace which can by no meanes be exprest:
There's all perfection sacred Light excelling,
All sorrow, care, darknesse and dread expelling.
O *Life* eternall! holy *Habitacle*!
Heau'nly *Ierusalem*, *Saints Receptacle*!
O amiable *Citie* of the *Lord*!
How should my *Soule* thy prayes due record?
What excellent rare things are said of thee?
What things are writ, are hop't, are found to bee
In thee! thou hast the seate of glorie sure,
That * *Good-Best Good-God*, ioy and solace pure,
Which farre exceeds the science and deepe sense
Of humane reason and intelligence.
For which euen *Legions* of *Professors* good,
And godly *Martyrs* haue not spar'd their blood,
But with vn-daunted valiant courage haue
Made *Lyons*, *Tigres*, *Fire* and *Sword* their *Grane*,
That after *Death* they might enioy that *Crowne*,
Those *Palmes* of peace, of honour and renowne,
Wherewith thy *Saints*, O blest *Ierusalem*!
Are happi'd in happinesse supreme,
Walking as *Kings*, in those most gorgeous streets,
Where each-one nought but perfect pleasure meets:
In *streets*, I say, more precious than pure gold,
Glistring with glorie wond'rous to behold.
The *Gates* of which most holy *Habitation*,
Are *Pearles* of peerlesse price and valuation,
Whose *Wall* is all of precious stones most pure,
Incomparably rich and strong t'endure,
There is that glorious *Paradise* coelestiall,
Surpassing *Adams Paradise* terrestriall,
Wherein are fluent *Oily Riuers* currents,
Faire *Brooks* of *Butter* and sweet *Honny Torrents*.

* *Summa
bonum.*

A brieft re-
capitulation
of the glori-
ous structure
of the new
Ierusalem.

*Riuers of
Honney,*

Re-

A Prospective Glasse

Gardens.	Replenished with <i>Garden-walks</i> and <i>Bowers</i> ,
Bowers.	With <i>Beds</i> all wrought and fraught with fragrant <i>Flowers</i> ,
Flowers.	Whose odoriferous rare varietie Affoord most various sweet amenitie,
Spices.	Whose curious colours, and whose louely Greene Are alwaies fresh, are alwaies springing seene.
Plants.	There, <i>Hearts-ease</i> , <i>Saffron</i> , <i>Lillies</i> and the <i>Rose</i> , Doe saour, sent, spring, spire, with sweet repose.
All these in their Ver- tues & Gra- ces to Man, not Reall existences.	There are all spices <i>Aromaticall</i> , T'affoord delight and cheere the <i>Heart</i> withall. There is that soueraigne <i>Balsum</i> med'cinable, For sent and salue most precious amiable. All these in thee flourish without defect: With these the <i>Garlands</i> of the <i>Saints</i> are deckt, Without corruption they continue still, And sprout and spring about this <i>Sion Hill</i> . In thee's that <i>Peace</i> of <i>God</i> , which doth excede Mans vnderstanding and faith-wauering <i>Creede</i> : There is that glorie which doth all aduance, Obnoxious neuer vnto <i>Change</i> or <i>Chance</i> . There's that eternall <i>Light</i> as sure as pure, That <i>Sunne</i> of <i>Righteousnesse</i> for e're r'endure. That white and bright blest <i>Lambe</i> of <i>God</i> most hie, Who shewes and shines most cleere incessantly, Which no time euer shall once terminate, Nor no disastrous <i>Chance</i> extenuate.  There's <i>Day</i> which neuer darknesse doth admit. There in their <i>Bowers</i> of pleasure <i>Saints</i> doe sit. There also is certayne <i>Securitie</i> . There shalt thou find secure <i>Eternitie</i> . There all rare <i>Comforts</i> from <i>Heau'ns</i> glorious <i>King</i> Successiue, successfully doe spring. What e're the <i>Soule</i> can wish, request, desire, Is there at hand without the least * enquire: What e're thou louest, there is to be found, Only, what's <i>Ill</i> , comes not in this blest ground. Oh then, my <i>Soule</i> , what pleasure infinite? Oh what an <i>Ocean</i> of most sweet delight? Yea, what a most profound and pure <i>Abyss</i> ; Thus to behold the <i>Lord</i> of <i>Lords</i> , is this?

Thus

to looke into Heauen.

Thus to behold with ravisht admiration
The *Lords* bright face with sacred contemplation ?
Yea, with thine eyes to see, what *Faiths* dimme eye
On *Earth* was neuer able to espy,
Euen that eternall *Tritie* most blest,
Which can by Man no sooner be exprest ;
Than *Auslines* seeming-*Lad* could powre or lade
The mightie *Ocean*, into th' *Shell* he made
Without a bottome, that his *Shell* to fill :
No sooner can (I say) Mans stupid *Will*,
(Till his *Corruption* *In-corruption* bee)
This holy *Mysterie* cleerly know and see.
But when thou Mortall dost immortalize,
When *Christ* thy *King*, thy *Soule* once *Happy-fies*,
Then shalt thou taste that *God* is good and gracious,
Then shalt thou liue in this his *House* most spacious,
Then shalt thou taste the *Spring* of *Life* most sweet,
Then in the *Heau'ns* thou shalt *Christ Iesus* meet,
Then shall thy *Water* of terrestriall grieve
Be turn'd into the *Wine* of sweet reliefe :
Then shall thy *Sobs* be turned into *Songs*,
Then shalt thou triumph for thy worldly wrongs ;
O then in that most sacred glorious fight
Is to be found the *Fulnesse* of delight,
Of wisdom, beautie, riches, knowledge pure,
Of happinesse for euer to endure,
Of goodnesse, ioy, and true Nobilitie,
Of treasure, pleasure, and felicitie,
Of all that merits loue or admiration,
Or worketh comfort or sure contentation.
Yea, all the powers and powerfull faculties
Of *Soule* and *Body* shall partake likewise,
Shall be sufficed with the full fruition
Of *Heau'ns* eternall ternall glorious *Vision*.
God vnto all his sacred *Saints* shall bee
Their Vniuersall sweet felicitie,
Contayning each particular delight
Which may affect th'aspect of their blest sight :
Infinite both for number and for measure,
And without end shall be their endlesse pleasure.

The incom-
prehensible
Tritie.

August. de
Trin.



A Prospective Glasse



All the Sen-
ces delight-
ted in Hea-
uen.

To th' Eyes he shall be as a *Mirrow* cleere,
Melodious *Musike* to delight the Eare :
To th' *Palate* he shall be *Mellifluous Mel*,
Sweet spiring *Balme* for to refresh the *Smell*.
Vnto the *Vnderstanding* he shall bee
A *Light* most bright and pure i'th' high'st degree,
To th' *Will* he shall be perfect *Contentation*,
To th' *Memorie* e'relasting *Continuation*.
In him we also shall enioy, possesse,
What euer various *Time* could here expresse :
Yea, all the beauties of his rarest *Creatures*,
Which may our *Loue* allure by their sweet features,
All ioy and pleasure to content the mind,
Such as i'th' *Creatures* selues we ne're could find.
This sight (I say) is th' *Angels* chiefeſt treasure,
The *Saints* repast, repose and Princely pleasure,
This is their euerlasting *Life*, their *Crowne*,
Their Meede, their Maieſtie, their high Renowne,
This their rich rest, their spacious specious *Palace*,
Their outward, inward ioy and ſoueraigne ſolace :
Their *Paradiſe* diuine, their *Diadem*,
Their ample bliſſe, their bleſt *Ieruſalem*,
Their *Peace* of God paſt all imagination,
Their full *Beatitude* and ſweet *Saluation*.
To ſee him, who them *made*, *re-made*, *made Saints*,
Him ſeeing to poſſeſſe without reſtraints :
Poſſeſſing him to loue him as their *King*,
And Louing him to Praise him, as the *Spring*
And Fountayne of this *All-felicitie*,
And Praying euer this bleſt *Trinitie*.



O then, my *Soule*, ceaſe not to like, to loue,
Theſe admirable, louely ioyes aboue :
And though thy corrupt *Fleſh* is th' obſtacle,
And ſtays, delays from this bleſt *Habitacle* :
Although thy *Fleſh* like *Churliſh Nabal* frowne,
Reſuſe the paynes to ſeeke this ſacred *Crowne* :
Yet let thy *Spirit* like good *Abigal*
Goe forth to find this place *Angelicall*.
Let *Hagar* neuer get her Miſtris place,
Nor * *Iſmael* good *Iſaac* ſo diſgrace ;

Nabal the
Fleſh.

Abigal the
Spirit.

* *Iſmael* the
Fleſh.

Iſaac the
Spirit.

But

to looke into Heaven.

But strive most strenuously, fight that good fight,
 Subdue thy *Flesh*, withstand proud *Satans* might:
 And with the *Eye* of *Faith* belecue, desire
 To live with *Christ*, pray, seeke, sue and enquire;
 Pray earnestly to *Christ* thy King above,
 In burning Zeale, firme *Faith*, and fervent Love.
 For, *what's* this *World*? nought but a flouting fancie,
 A Theater of vaineesse, pleasant Phrensie.
 A sinke of Sinne, a shop of all Deceit,
 Iniquities chiefe Center and sure Seate,
 A Map, a Mirrour of all Miserie,
 A Dungeon of most dire Calamitie,
 Louely to looke on like the skarlet Whore,
 But dangerous to deale with euermore:
 A Mazie Labyrinth of impious Errors,
 A Campe of Crueltie, of teares and terrors,
 Constant in nought but in In-constancie,
 And most Vnconstant in that Constancie:
 In nought the same, saue not to be the same,
 And of a Being but a very name:
 Still floting, fleeting, neuer at a stay,
 Hates on the *Morrow* whom it loues to Day.
 Yea, 'tis a *Ioab* full of craft and guile,
 Kills his Embracers with a trayterous smile.
 A *Wrastler* 'tis and trippeth vp the heeles
 Of many a man e're he its grasping feelles:
Salomon wise, strong *Samson* so renown'd,
 It made their lengths to measure on the ground.
 Therefore, to loue the *World*, is nought else, sure,
 Then to her Lime-twigs thy poore Soule r'allure,
 Which, so, the *Feathers* of thy *Faith* will marre,
 Thy Soule if 't may be from *Heau'ns* ioyes to barre.
 Why then (my Soule) shouldst thou to th' *Earth* be thrall,
 Which hast a heau'nly blest originall?
 Why shouldst thou pin thy thoughts on mortall things?
 Who art immortall from the King of Kings.
 And why shouldst thou, a *Sp'rit* inuisible,
 Be pleas'd with things, both grosse and visible?
 Striving to pamper thy corrupted Bodie,
 Whose definition is, indeed, that Both-Die:

What this
World is,



The World
is a strong
and subtil
Wrastler.

*Amer verum
terrenarium,
est viscus spi-
ritualium pen-
narium.*

The Loue of
the World is
the Soules
Bird-lime.
A most holy
expostulati-
on of the
Soule, con-
cerning the
World and

Both the Flesh.

A Prospective Glasse

Both *Soule* and *Body*, when the *Flesh* giues way
To *Sinne* and *Satan* in their dire decay.

And hence it is that *Latinists* likewise

* The Body. Thus * *Corpus* fitly *Etymologize* :

Cor which was once the *Heart* of pure perfection,
Is thus made *Pus*, all filth and foule infection.

Why then shouldst thou thy selfe so low depreesse ?

Who art of high cœlestiall Noblenesse,

One of thy *Fathers* first-borne children deare ;

Whose name in *Heau'ns* blest *Records* may appeare.

Why should the Worlds false promises delude thee ?

Since *Heau'n* with *Grace* and *Goodnesse* hath endu'd thee.

Wilt thou, a *Princes Sonne*, a heavenly Prince,

Let *Satans* gilded *Apples* thee conuince ?

Wilt thou the *Sonne* of *Heau'ns* All-sacred King,

Offend thy *Father* for so vile a thing ?

Wilt thou thy *Birth-right* *Esau-like* forgoe,

For one dire messe of *Broth* bewitching wo ?

Oh, no, deceitfull *Dalilah*, a-dieu,

Thy *Syrens* Songs my *Soule* doth most eschew,

As holy de-
testation of
them.

Thy *Crocodile* like teares which would betray me,
By *Heau'ns* preuenting *Grace* shall neuer slay me :

For all thy *Bitter-sweets*, false *Protestations*,

My *Soule* esteemes but hellish *Incantations*.

Wherefore, as *Amnon* being once defiled

With his owne *Sister*, whom he had beguiled,

After the fact, did hate her ten times more

Then euer he had loued her before :

So I, whom thy false *Friendship* once defiled,

Whom thy deceitfull ambush once beguiled :

I hate, abominate thy mischief more,

Than e're I lou'd or liked thee before.

As *Sea-men*, *Rocks*, as *Children* *Scorpions* flie :

So (Oh my *Soule*) hate worldly *Vanitie*.

And, oh, what's he ? that would not leaue most glad

Worlds *Vanities*, so finite, base and bad

For *Pleasures* infinite ? What's he would take

Fraudulent ioyes, and permanent forsake ?

The resolution of a good Christian. None doubtlesse, none, but *Dastards* void of *Grace*,
None but faint-hearted, fearefull *Cowards* base.

The

to looke into Heaven.

The resolute couragious *Christian* bold,
Dares *Deaths* grim face confront, see and behold,
Dares *Death* defie, and his approach desire,
Because by *Death* he knowes he shall acquire
The end of all his hopes, for, *Death's* the Key
Which opes the doore to true felicitie.
Yea, 'tis no paine but of all paires the end,
The *Gate of Heav'n* and *Ladder* to ascend.
And *Death's* the *Death* of all his stormes and strife,
And sweet beginning of immortall *Life*.
Therefore with smiling count'nance, merrily
To *Heav'n* his place of rest he casts his eye :
And in his *heart*, these thoughts are oft reuolued,
Vnfeynedly I wish to be dissolved
To be with thee (O *Christ* my *Sauour* sweet)
Thee my deare *Eldest Brother* for to meet.
I see thee *Christ*, I see thee heau'nly home,
I gladly would and quickly to thee come.
I see thee, oh thou *Saints* coelestiall *Place*,
I much desire I once had run my race.
But though I cannot with *Elias* run,
Ith' strength o'th' *Spirit* in this race begun
Vnto the heau'nly *Canaan* : yet giue *Grace*,
Though I with *Jacob* halt, to halt apace:
And if not so, yet that at least I may,
Like to an *Infant* learne to creepe the way :
And grow from strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Vntill I come in presence of thy face.
For, I am wearie of this *Pilgrimage*,
And long for thee my heau'nly *Heritage*.
How oft haue I thee view'd with admiration?
How oft hast thou beene my *Soules* meditation?
How oft haue I beene rauisht with desire,
That vnto thee my *Soule* might once aspire?
How oft haue I both scorn'd and vili-pended
Earths most vnpleasant pleasures quickly ended?
Being compared to those ioyes aboue,
Which from my *Heart*, my *Soule* doth dearly loue:
My *Heart*, my *Life*, my *Blisse*, my *Ioy*, my *Gem*,
My *Soules* deare *Soule* is *New-Ierusalem*.

What death
is to the
Godly.

A most holy
Meditation
of a sanctifi-
ed Soule.



Sweet face
of the soule.

And

A Prospective Glasse

And now I come, my ioyes, I come to you,
For whom I did so often seeke and sue.
I, paine and Death doe heartily embrace,
So that my Soule amongst you may take place:
Yea, though euen Hell it selfe were in my way,
And would my iourney stop, disturbe or stay,
I would it passe and hazzard Hells annoy,
To liue with Christ in his cœlestiall ioy.

Cleombrotus
his desperate
resolution to
enjoy im-
mortalitie.

And, surely, since Heath'nish *Cleombrotus*
Did seeme (but desp'rately) so valourous,
Hearing his Master *Plato*, once, discourse
Of *Immortalitie*, with furious force
(From an high *Rocke*) himselfe did head-long throw,
In hope to be *Immortalized* so:

* Imposed
by others,
not exposed
to by my
selfe.

O how much rather then, I pray, ought I,
Dying i'th' Lord a thousand * deaths to die,
To be inuested in that perfect *Glorie*,
Showne and assur'd in *Truths* most faithfull *Storie*?
Hee dy'de in bare opinion, *Soules* blind-Loue,
I die in Faith and knowledg'e from aboue:

* To desire
dissolution,
not effect it
my selfe.

Hee only hop't to haue *immortall Life*,
I, for *immortall rest* and *glorie* rise;
Hee went vn-sent for, I am oft inuited,
Euen *Christ* himselfe my Soule hath oft * incited:
Incited oft, I say, with Resolution,
And *Pauls* firme Faith, to wish for Dissolution.
Shall then his *Pagan-courage* mine excell?
Shall feare of death my *Christian-courage* quell,
Since my sure ground, than his, is much more firme,
And death to me is but my sorrowes terme?
And that my Soule i'th'end shall sure exult,
Although the way seeme somewhat difficult?

Braue reso-
lution of a
Christian
Souldier.

O no, my Soule, be valorous and stout,
With constant courage perseuere, hold out,
None fight but with a hope of *Victorie*:
Thy fight well finisht brings eternitie.
If one should say vnto a *Captayne* stout,
Goe forward with bold courage, fight it out;
Doe but thy vtmost, fight and giue not ouer,
For thou in th'end, the conquest shalt recover:

Would

to looke into Heaven.

Would any *David* his *Goliath* flie ?
From whom hee's sure to winne the *Victorie*.
Would any *Gideon* such a fight refuse ?
Could any valiant *Ioshab*, thinke you, choose
But enter combate with the proudest Foe ?
Whom he with triumph surely shall o're-throw.
My *Saviour* sweet, euen thus to me hath said ;
Take courage, *Christian Souldier*, ben't afraid,
Doe thou thine vtmost, *Satan* to withstand :
For I will be propitious at thy hand.
Fight valiantly, and though thy foes fierce might
May hap to bring thee on thy knees i'th' fight,
May often foile thee by his craftie snare :
Yea, though his claws were readie thee to tare,
Yet I will raise thee vp, I'le thee defend,
And thou shalt sure be *Victor* in the end.
Who then (I say) what's he would be so base,
As not this proffer gladly to embrace?
Who could with vile pusillanimitie,
So free a *Conquest Coward*-like denie ?
Shall doting *Louers* for their *Ladies* fight,
And for their sakes account all danger flight ?
Shall Merchants venture both the'r liues and goods,
For wealth and pelfe through th'*Oceans* dangerous floods?
Yea, shall the *Ship-Boy* gladly vnder-goe
All hazzards which or *Sea* or *Shore* can shew ?
Onely in hope to gaine a *Masters* place :
And to obayne a cunning *Pilots* grace.
And shall my *Soule* turne *Coward*, feare and flie ?
Shall not my *Soule* controll that *Enemie* ?
Whom *Christ* my *Generall* first ouer-threw,
And thereby all his subtilties well knew :
And knowing them, hath taught me how to fight,
Me to defend, him offend, put to flight :
Yea, and hath promis'd hee'le assistant bee,
And in my weaknesse cause my Foe to flee ;
And vnder-neath my feete pull *Satan* downe,
And me as *Victor* graciously will crowne.
O then (my *Soule*) stand stoutly to't and feare not,
Christ's sacred *Armes* in vaine about thee beare not.



Christ en-
courageth
the Christian
Souldier in
his spirituale
warfare,

Christ is our
Generall.

A Prospective Glasse

*Christo duce
non vincaris,
sine vinces.*

S. Bernard.

Simile.

*Vincenti da-
bitur.*

*Why the
Godly doe
die.*

*Tis not Me-
rit, but Mer-
cy, which
crownes vs.*

*Death, a
welcome
Guest to the
Godly.*

Fight this good fight, and let proud Satan know,
Christ being *Captaine* thou'lt him ouerthrow.
 For if *Heau'ns King* by *Grace* be on thy side,
 Thou needst not feare what ere doe thee betide:
 No danger, sure, can in that *Battaile* bee,
 Where thou for *Christ*, and *Christ* doth fight for thee.
 And heer's my Comfort, this is my *Soules* stay,
 That whether *Satan* wound, or doe me slay,
 Dye fleshly *Body*, so my *Soule* may liue,
Christ to my *Soule* the *Palme* of *Peace* will giue.
 But as a mighty *Emp'rour* which proclaimes
 At some great feast *Olympicke* warlike *Games*,
 Wherein to him which proues the *Conquerour*,
 And doth the best exploits, this *Emperour*
 Will giue a *Crowne*, his valour to reward;
 And him with *Kingly* fauour will regard.
 But not the *Emp'rour* vnto him descends,
 But hee to th' *Emp'rours* *Gallery* ascends,
 There from his *Princely* hand to take the *Crowne*,
 The triumph, trophie, of his high renowne:
 Euen so the *Christian* *Souldier* hauing gained
 The victory, for which he long had strained
 With all his power spirituall, to quell
 The rage of rau'nous *Sin*, and *Satan* fell,
 Must from the *worlds* *Lists* in a blessed end
 By *Death*, *Heau'ns* glorious *Gallery* ascend,
 There, from the hands of *Iesus Christ* himselſe
 To take a *Crowne* farre passing worldly pelfe;
 A *Crowne* of ioy, euen *Glories* plenitude,
 A *Crowne* of blisse, euen *Heau'ns* beatitude.
 Not as the *Meede* of his deseruing *Merit*,
 But as the free-gift of *Gods* sacred *Spirit*;
 For, hauing done what euer I am able,
 Yet my best seruice is vnprofitable,
 Onely in *Mercy* hee is pleas'd to crowne
 His owne-good-gifts in mee to my renowne.
 O! therefore *Death*, shalbe my welcome-guest,
Death, which translates from *Labour* vnto rest,
 From worldly sorrow, to *Heau'ns* ioyes encrease,
 From woe to weale, from trouble to sweet *Peace*.

From

to looke into Heauen.

From *Earth* the Stage of instability,
To *Heau'n* the Fortresse of true Constancy.
Goe then, you godlesse *Heliogabolites*,
You carnall *Worldlings*, proud *Cosmopolites*,
Goe please your selues in swearing, feasting, fighting,
And not what's *iust*, but what's your *Lust* delight in.
Goe please your selues with rich and large extents
Of wealthie Mannours, stately tenements,
Grow proud to see your *Underlings* beslaued,
And by your *Greatnesse* wrongfully out-braued,
To see your *Ward-roabes* stufte with proud Apparrell,
Your *Moutbes* with oathes, your *thoughts* with strife and quar-
To haue variety of worldly pleasure, (tell.
Delicate Gardens, Coffers full of treasure.
Treasure (saide I?) nay white and yellow Clay,
Bewitching *Mammon*, *Sin-bane*, *Soules-decay*:
Or if there's ought that doth you more allure,
Or which you would with more content procure,
Vse it, possesse it, yet for all this know,
You shall it all with shame and smart forgoe.
Yea God will take at *Deaths* disast'rous day,
Your *Lands* (your *life*) your *Goods* (your *gods*) away.
This, this (alas) did cause the *Prophets* cry,
This mou'd *S. Paul* with zealous ardency,
Gainst *Worldlings* to cry out, and them accuse,
That they themselues, their *Soules* would so abuse,
Such lying vanities so to respect,
So sottishly their *Soules*-health to reiect,
In *Egypt*, *Straw* and *Stubble* for to buy,
Yea *Straw* I say and *Chaffe*, which finally
Would their owne *House* burne-downe and ruinate,
And head-long them to *Hell* precipitate.
Whereas their *Sauour* at a cheaper price
Would sell them gold, pure gold, rare *Marchandise*,
Euen all the golden ioyes and sweet delight
Of *Paradise* coelestiall, sacred sight:
That *Pearle* of blest *Saluation*, which to buy
The wisest *Merchant* would most ioyfully
Sell all his worldly treasure, earthly pelfe,
With this rare *Icwell* to enrich himselfe.



A most holy
disdayning
of worldly
Greatnesse.

Rich Mer-
chandise.

A Prospective Glasse

A cheape
price.

And what's his price? O cheape, and nought else, sure,
But what thou maist thy selfe with ease procure,
Onely thy *Heart*, 'tis onely this, he craues:
This giuen to *God*, both *Soule* and *Body* saues.
Not that thy *God* is better by the same,
But thou maie blest, to magnifie his Name:
'Tis onely thine not his good, he desires,
And for this good he onely thanks requires.
Oh therefore silly, simple, sinfull *Man*,
What greater madnesse? tell me, if thou can?
Than such a proffer, fondly to refuse,
Than *Death* for *Life*, for *Treasure*, *Straw* to choose;
For precious *Liquor*, *Fountayne-water* good,
To choose foule *puddles* stinking full of mud;
Oh more then mad-men thus to take more paine;
Head-long to run to *Hell* with might and maine:
Then euen the holiest *Saints* to goe to *Heauen*,
Who oft with treates and threats are thereto driuen.
But (O my *Soule*) thy *Sauours* counsell take;
O doe not thou his bountie so forsake!
Goe buy of him, giue *Body*, *Heart* and all,
To purchase this rare *Gem Angelicall*.
And with that *Royall-Shepherd David*, say,
O thou my *Soule* trust in the *Lord* alway:
Yea, in his *Awe* and *Law* take thou delight,
O like, loue, looke on this both day and night.
Let it be thy *Arithmetike*, alwayes
To take account and number out thy dayes.
A *Deaths-head* let thy chiefe *Companion* bee,
An *Houre-glasse*, *Remembrancer* to thee.
Let thy chiefe *studie* be continually,
How to *liue* well, and blessedly to *die*.
So shalt thou (O my *Soule*) most happy bee,
When thou of that blest *Citie* art made free,
When thou, amongst that sacred *Hierarchie*
Shalt sing sweet tones and tunes melodiously;
With *Heau'ns Psalmodicall* harmonious *Quire*
Of *Saints* and *Angels* zealous, hot as fire,
The *Diapason* of whose beau'nly *Laies*
Doth warble forth *Heau'ns* due deserued praises,

The wicked
take more
paines to go
to hell, then
the righteous
to goe to
heauen.



Where

to looke into Heauen.

Where thou being grac't and plac't in heau'nly state,
In precious pleasure ne're to terminate,
Being sweetly rap't in heau'nly *Extasie*,
Christs and his *Churches* * *Epithalamie*,
My *Sainted-Soule* with sugred voice shall sing,
To God in *Christ* my *Three One* heau'nly King:
Ohappie *Citizens* enfranchis'd there!
O ioyfull *Quiristers* singing so cleere!
Victorious *Souldiers* thus to be trans-planted!
Where *Peace* for *Warre*, where *Life* for *Death* is granted.
Happie wert thou (my *Soule*) most truely blessed,
If thou wert once of this rare ioy possessed:
That then I might be fill'd, but neuer * sated
With that rare sight, which once initiated,
Shall last for aye without *Times* dissolution,
Shall be most precious without all pollution.
Therefore my *Heart* (as *Hart* being chaste and chaced
By furious *Houes* most nimble tract and traced)
Desires the *Water-Brooks* his heate t'allay,
That so refresh't, he thence may scud away:
Euen so my *Heart* (O Lord) desires to see
Those *Crystall streames* of *Life* which flow from thee;
Sighes, sues, pursues, her *Countrie* to recouer,
Here abiect, subiect, too too triumpht ouer
By my three fierce and furious *Enemies*:
Who seeke my *Soule* t'insnare and sin-surprize,
Euen *Satan* that old *Hunter* and his *Hounds*,
The *World*, the *Flesh*, which giue my *Soule* deepe wounds.
Who more like rauening *Wolues* would faine deuoure
And captiuat my *Soule* in hellish power:
But thy preuenting *Grace* (O *Spring of Grace*)
Preserues my *Soule*, dis-nerues their horrid chace;
And as a *Bird* out of the *Fowlers* *Gin*,
Or as *Noes* *Dove* looking to be let-in,
Into the *Arke* of thine eternall *Rest*:
My tyred *Soule* is vnto thee addrest,
My *Soule* with worlds encumbrances oppressed;
Desires (O Lord) to be by thee refreshed.
My *Soule* doth thirst and hasteth to draw neere,
And longs before thy presence to appeare.

* Marriage-Song.

* Satisfied.

Simile.

Satan a
Hunter.
The World
& the Flesh
his Hounds.

The Soules
thirst.

A Prospective Glasse

O Tree of Life! O ever-liuing Spring!
Whose laud and praise the heau'nly Hoast doe sing!
O when shall I come and appeare in sight
Of thee, the Sunne of righteousnesse most bright?
When shall my Soule by thine All-sauing hand,
Be led with ioy from forth this Desert Land?
When shall I leaue this Wildernesse of wo,
Wherein my Soule is tossed to and fro?
I sit alone, as on a house the Sparrow:
In Vale and Dale of Teares, feares, sighes and sorrow.
O leade (deare Christ) my Loue-sicke Soule by th'hand,
From this vast Wildernesse drie thirstie Land:
To thy Wine-Cellers, that I there may taste
Of thy Wine-floures thou prepared hast.
Comfort me with the Apples of thy Grace,
With thy Hid Manna strengthen my weake case.
With heau'nly Milke and Honny (Lord) make glad
My heart, which worlds afflictions hath made sad.
O let me once from Wisedomes sacred Lip,
Cœlestiall Nard, and Rosean Liquor sip.
Yea, let me satiate mine in-satiate thirst,
With that sweet Milke wherewith thy Saints are nourc't,
I thirst, O Lord, I thirst, thou art the Well,
O quench my thirst, and let me with thee dwell.
I hunger, Lord, I hunger, thou art Bread,
Euen Bread of Life, O let my Soule be fed.
I seeke thee, Lord, yet still I goe astray,
Through High-ways, By-ways, yet I misse the way:
Thou art (O Lord) the perfect Way and Dore,
My Soule will follow, if thou goe before.
Direct my feete to leaue the paths of Sin,
Ope glories Gate, and let my Soule goe in.
Let it be Riches to me to possesse thee;
Let it be Glorie to me to confesse thee;
Let it be Clothes, Christ Iesus, to put on;
Let it be Food, his Word to feed vpon;
Yea, let it be my Life, to liue and die,
For Christ my King, and for his Veritie.
So shall my Riches be to me eternall,
So shall my Glorie be with Christ supernall,

Cant. 2. 4.

Cant. 5. 1.



to looke into Heauen.

So shall my *Clothing* still be faire and new,
So shall my *Food* be *Manna* heau'nly Dew,
So shall my *Life* ne're fade, but euer *Spring*,
Being still preseru'd by *Christ* my *Lord* and *King*.

But, oh alas! when shall I see that day?
That *Day* of gladnesse neuer to decay,
That *Day* of *Iubile* when all are glad,
That *Day* when all reioyce, none can be sad?
Whose endlesse time and neuer fixed date,
Eternitie shall ne're exterminate.

That *Saints* blest *Birth-Day*, which shal ne're haue *Euening*: * The Mar-
tyrs *Passion-*

That *Lasting Day* to which no *Night* giues ending.

That rare *Grand-Iubile*, that *Feast* of *Feasts*,
Sabbath of *Sabbaths*, endlesse *Rest* of *Rests*.

To which least *Care* shall neuer *dare* come neere,
Wherein the *Saints* shall shake off palid feare.

O pure, O pleasant most desired *Day*
Of that eternall springing *Moneth* of *May*!

In which my *Soule* shall euermore reioyce,
In which my *Soule* shall heare that happy *Voyce* :

Enter (blest *Soule*) into thy *Masters* ioy,

Enter into sweet rest without annoy;

Enter into the *House* of *Christ* thy *King*,

Where *Peace* and *Plentie*, *Mirth* and *Ioy* doe spring,

Where thou shalt find things most to be admired,

Where thou shalt haue what most thy *Soule* desired.

Ioyes infinitely numberlesse, I say,

And various pleasures infinitely gay:

Vnspeable, vnspeakable by Man,

Immutable, inscrutable to scan;

Where I, thy *Soule* will feed, will feast, will fill:

Feed with spirituall food of my blest *Will*,

Feast with the dainties of delight most pure,

And fill with glorie which shall e're endure.

Enter, I say, and heare that melodie,

Which comprehends datelesse *festiuitie*.

Where is all good, no euill to abuse:

Where's all thou wishest, nought thou wouldst refuse,

Where's life e're-liuing, sweet and amiable,

Where is true fame and glorie memorable,

Natalisium
salutis.

Our Soules
with *Christ*
shall be fed,
feasted, fil-
led.

The most ab-
solute and
perfect ioyes
of heauen.

Where

A Prospective Glasse

Where is, I say, certayne Securitie,
Securest Peace and peacefull Pleasancie;
Most pleasant Ioy, and ioyfull Happinesse,
Happie Eternitie, eternall Blessednesse;
The blessed Trinitie in Vainie:

*Visio Dei
beatifica, sum-
mum bonum
nostrum, Au-
gust. de Trin.
cap. 13.*

The Vnities Trine-One rare Deitie;
The Deities Three-One's most blessed Vision,
Which is our Masters ioy in full fruition.
O ioy of ioyes, O ioy beyond all pleasure!
Farre passing farre transcending terrene treasure.
O ioy without annoy, O true content!
O soueraigne blisse and Soules sweet caushment!
O euerlasting Kingdome, supreme peace!
Where all the Saints enioy such ioyes encrease,
Where all the Saints are clothed with pure Light,
As with a Garment shining glorious bright:
Their Heads adorn'd with Crownes of purest gold,
And precious Stones most glorious to behold;
Whose onely exercise is to reioyce,
To triumph, and to sing with sacred voyce,
Sweet Halleluiah to their Soueraigne King,
Which them to this felicitie did bring.

*August. Soli-
lo. cap. 36.*

Oh! when shall my poore Soule be made partaker
Of this great ioy, O thou my Lord and Maker!
When shall I see Thee in it, It in Thee?
And therein dwell I in Thee, Thou in Mee?
Surely (O Lord) I will make haste and flie,
I'll make no stay, but poste most speedily.
I'll neuer cease to Seeke, till I haue found,
I'll not leaue Knocking, till my Soule be crown'd.
I'll ne're leaue Asking, till thou hast me giuen
My Boone, thy Bountie, euen those ioyes of Heauen:
Since then, I say, such is Hea'ns Maieslie!
And since this World is but meere Miserie:
What is't can hinder this my speedie pace,
Which I must run, till I haue run my race?
Can Worldly power or Principalitie?
Can Kingly fauours, wealth or dignitie?
Can worldly pleasures, pleasant vnto some?
Can height or depth, things present, things to come?

Seeke.
Knocke.
Aske.

Heauenly
resolution.

Oh

to looke into Heauen.

Oh no, with *Paul* I'll all abominate,
E're they shall me from *Christs* loue separate.
I'll crie, Auaunt you Soule-betraying ioyes,
Which Bee-like bring the Sting of dire annoyes.
Auaunt, I say, worlds momentarie pleasure,
Worlds transitorie ioyes, *Earths* trashie treasure:
The loue of *Christ* hath to inflam'd my Heart,
That as I trust, it ne're shall thence depart;
And, *Lord*, confirme, strengthen this Faith of mine,
O let it neuer faint, faile or decline.
But woe to me (poore wretch) who still am faine
Amongst the Tents of *Meshech* to remaine:
To haue my habitation 'mongst the rout
Of *Kedar* most vngodly stubborne, stout.
The time, me thinks, is much procrastinated,
O that the date thereof were terminated.
Ayme, how long shall it be said to mee,
Wait, wait, expect, and thou the time shalt see?
And shalt thou see? my Soule, thou art too blame,
I must accuse thee (O my Soule) for shame
Thinke not the time too long, count it not much,
That with these trials *God* thy Faith should touch.
For, as a *Gold-Smith* waits most carefully
Vpon his gold, which he i'th' fire will trie;
That when 'tis burn'd enough and purifide,
It may not in the fire, to waste, abide:
So *God* his Children deare attends vpon,
When in the fire of dire affliction
He purposeth to purifie and trie them:
When thus enough refined he doth trie them,
By no meanes will he suffer them to waste,
But for their comfort to them soone will haste.
As that most rare payre-Royall well did know,
Good *Shadrach*, *Meshech*, and *Abednego*:
Whom he i'th' *Babylonian* fire did proue,
Yet so respected in his sacred loue;
That not so much as one haire of their head
Was burnt or sindg'd, or once diminished.
O then, my Soule, if *God* haue such a care,
As from thy head not one small simple haire

The Soule
here check-
eth it selfe
for being of-
fended at
Gods tryals.
Simile.

God com-
pared to a
Gold-Smith.

Gods great
care of his
Children.
Matth. 6.

Can

A Prospective Glasse

Can fall to th'ground, without his prouidence:

O then haue thou assured confidence,

That he thy Soule will ne're permit to perish,

But in due time will thee refresh and cherish;

And say with *Iob*, that man of *God* most iust,

Lord, though thou kill mee, I will in thee trust.

Yea then confesse (as 'tis) that all the wo,

Which in this *Life* for *Christ* thou vnder-goe:

That all *Earths* torments or affecting toyes,

Are most vnworthy *Heau'ns* most blissefull ioyes.

Heau'ns ioyes for waight and measure infinite,

Earths paynes to death, but slender, small and slight.

Heau'ns ioyes most perfect, absolutely pure,

Earths choicest pleasures paine and grieve procure.

Heau'ns ioyes are sempiternall, euer-lasting,

Earths ioyes meere toyes, still fleeting, euer-wasting.

O then (my Soule) haue patience, doe not grudge,

Lest so thou make thy *Christ* thine angrie Iudge:

Giue *Patience* (*Lord*) thy sacred *Will* to beare,

And then receiue my Soule, *How*, *When*, or *Where*.

For, as no gold nor siluer can be pure,

Vntill the fires burning it endure:

Nor *Stones* for *Palace-worke* can well be fit,

Till they with *Hammers* oft be cut and smit:

No more, I say, is't possible that wee

Vessels of *Honour* in *Gods* house can bee:

Till we be fin'd and melted in the fire

Of worldly crosses and afflictions dire.

Neither can we as *living-stones* haue place,

*Ierusalem*s celestiall *Walks* to grace;

Vnlesse the *Hammers* of *Earths* tribulation,

Oft bruiſe the *Flesh* to worke the *Soules* *Saluation*,

But though thy *Servants* (*Lord*) may oft be tempted,

Yet can they neuer finally be tainted:

They ne're can be surpris'd, though oft assailed,

For why, *Heau'ns* safeguard hath them neuer failed.

Christians and *Persecutions* ioyne together,

Like *Christ* and's *Crosse*, few calmes much stormie weather.

E're th'*Israelites* to th'*Land* of *Promise* came,

Their temp'rall *Canaan*, *Canaan* of such fame;

Th'en-

Heauens
ioyes set a-
gainst *Earths*
ioyes, by
way of *Anti-*
thesis,

Da facere
quod iubet, &
iube quod vis.
Simile.

Vita sine
malis, est sicut
avis sine alis.
No *Crosse*,
No *Crowne*.

to looke into Heauen.

Th'endur'd much danger, many *Miseries*:
And shall not I, most patiently likewise
Endure all dangers, all anxietie?
Shall I not vnder-goe all miserie,
In this my journey to *Heau'n's holy Land*?
O yes, with constant *courage* to it stand.
For why, I'm sure the more I here endure,
My ioyes in *Heau'n* shall be more glorious pure.
And who would not to *Heau'n* goe ioyfully,
Though with *Elias* he in *whirle-winds* fly?
Grant therefore (*Lord*) I take *Earths Nocuments*
As precious *Balme*, as my *Soules Documents*.
Confirm my *Faith* with constant resolution,
To wait, and fit me for my dissolution:
To wait for thee my *Sauour*, staffe and stay,
Till thou shalt change my *Bodies house of Clay*;
That like thy glorious *Body* it may bee,
That so thy power and glorie I may see:
That I may heare and see, and beare a part,
In *Heau'n's heart-charming Musike sacred Art*,
In that rare *Consort of Mel-Melodie*,
At *Christs rare Nuptials* blest solemnitie.
Come then, *Lord Iesus* (oh, I cannot cease,
To wish my *Soule* in thine eternall peace)
Giue me (*O Lord*) good *Stephens Eagle-eye*,
Through thickest *Clouds Heau'n's glorie* to espie.
Giue me (*O Lord*) a *Voyce Angelicall*,
With *Heart vnfeyned* on thee thus to call:
How long (*O Lord*) how long wilt thou delay?
Lord Iesus, come, come quickly, doe not stay;
Make haste, and tarrie not, I thee intreat,
And draw my *Soule* from *Earth* to heavenly seat.
For why? I feare (*Lord*, falsifie my feare)
That *Satan* will 'gainst me such malice beare,
To cause my refractorie *Flesh* to sturre
My *Soule* vnto *Rebellion*: so t'incurre
Thy wrath and indignation for the same,
My stubborne *Flesh*, therefore (*Lord*) curbe and tame.
O, free me from this fleshly *Prison* strong,
Wherein my *Soule* hath fettered lyen too-long:


Nocuments
sure
Documents.

Stephens
Eagle-eye.

The Soules
Prayer.

Fett'ed

A Prospective Glasse

The Soule
bewayleth
her miserie
in the flesh.

Fett' red I say, yea fest' red more's my shame,
More art thou *flesh*, and much more I too blame,
Who oft with *Adam* fondly haue aspired,
And with *vaine* glory led, haue oft desired
The fruite o' th' *Tree of Knowledge* for to eate,
Not of the *Tree of Life*, more soueraigne meate,
And to be red in any other *Booke*,
Much pride and pleasure I haue often tooke:
Than in my *Booke of Conscience*, to behold
The woe whereinto *Sin* doth mee infold.
With *Wantons* I oft view'd *Prides Looking-Glasse*,
But not *Times-Dyall*, how my *Dayes* did passe.
Yea, on *Earths* follies I haue fixt mine eyes,
Gazing on *blazing* worldly *Vanities*.



Yet Lord I know that as thou hast a *Booke*,
Wherein my faults are writ on them to looke:
So thou a *Bottle* hast, wherein to keepe
My contrite reares, when I for *Sin* doe weepe.
And though my selfe vn-worthie I agnize
Vnto thy *Throne* to lift my Sinfull eyes:
Yet I my selfe vn-worthie doe not finde
To weepe before thee till mine eyes be blinde.
Lord then vouchsafe, vouchsafe I thee beseech,
An care an answer to my Soules sad speech.
O come Lord *Iesus*, come I humbly pray,
Speake peace vnto my Soule, o doe not stay:
Binde vp my wounds, make whole my maladie
With the *Samaritans* sweet *Charity*.

The Soule
oppressed
with world-
ly miseries,
prayeth.

Into my sore, powre thou the *Oyle* of gladnes,
Reuiue my Soule from *Sin-constrained* sadnes.
O bring my Soule out of this myre and mud,
This sincke of *Sin* where I too-long haue stood.
Smite off my *Fetters* of *Iniquity*,
As thou didst *Peters* in *Captivity*.
Stop in mee all the *Conduits* of transgression,
Breake *Satans* weapons of my Soules oppression.
Yea, let my Eyes bee as continuall *Lauers*
To wash and cleanse *Sins* *ulcers* stinking fauours:
For a cleane Lord (I know) takes delectation,
To haue a cleane Heart for his *Habitation*.

The Lord
loueth a
pure heart.

to looke into Heauen.

Giue therefore grace (ô Lord) whiles heere I liue,
 That I a *Bill of due Diuorce* may giue
 Vnto that *Harlot Sin*, which too-too-long
 Hath by false flattery done my *Soule* much wrong.
 O, double, treble happy were I, sure,
 If once I might put-off *Sins* rags impure,
 Those *Mensiruous* cloathes wherewith I am disguised,
 Whereby thine Image in mee's not agnized:
 Whereby in thy pure sight I am but loathed.
 O therefore that my *Soule* might once be cloathed
 With thy most royall-Robes of righteounesse,
 Thy Seamelesse, spotlesse Coate of holinesse,
 And therein bee presented to the sight
 Of my great Lord, the Father of all Light,
 And be ingrafted and incorporate
 Into this *New-Ierusalem* blest state,
 Into this *Kingdome* euermore existing,
 Into this *Kingdome* all of ioy consisting:
 Where all thy *Saints* and sacred *Angels* raigne,
 By thee their mighty Lord and Soueraigne,
 Cloathed in *Vestures* of the purest white,
 Still in the presence of thy sacred sight:
 Their heads adorn'd with *Crownes* of purest gold,
 Of precious stones, rich *Pearles* rare to behold.
 Thou Lord alone being the *Diadem*
 Of these thy *Saints* in this *Ierusalem*:
 Whose onely sight, is their beatitude,
 Which dures for aye without vicissitude.
 But Lord, it may be thou mayst say to mee,
 Alas, poore *Soule*, would'st thou my beauty see?
 None ere could see the glory of my face
 And liue -- Earth, such is *Mans* mortall case.
 Lord, thus I answer, and I this confesse
 That thy *Cælestiall* glorious holinesse
 Is so immense, so infinite, so rare,
 So great, so glorious, gracious, specious, faire,
 That no flesh liuing can it see, and liue,
 Yet to my *Soule* (ô Lord) this mercy giue,
 That so it may behold thy sacred sight,
 Let *Death* with thousand deathes my body smite;

*Ut semper ue-
 niunt ad cari-
 dida tecta Co-
 lumba: ingre-
 ditur sanctus
 candida corda
 Deus.*

The Soule
 desires to be
 clothed with
 the Robes of
 righteounes

A Prospective Glasse

Blessed are
they that die
in the Lord.

The Sea of
the World.

The soule
ofttimes in
danger of
shipwracke,
through ig-
norance and
infirmities.

* *Remora's*,
Fishes that
(though
little) yet
can stay a
Ship.
Leuiathan
the Deuill.
The Soules
Prayer.

So my poore Soule may see thy Maieslie,
Let *Death* my *breath*, my life end speedily.
Oh then, I say, and ne're shall cease to say,
O three-fold, foure-fold happy, sure, are they,
Who, by a pious life and blessed end,
By *Christ*, *Heau'ns Ladder*, to heau'ns ioyes : scend,
Who for the minutes of *Earths* Lamentation,
Enioy *Heau'ns* endlesse yeeres of Consolation ;
Who from this earthly *Prison* are set free,
And in *Heau'ns Palace* liue, O *Christ*, with thee:
Yea, who being dead to *Sinne* and Earthly ioyes,
Are there in plenitude of perfect ioyes.
But oh most wretched miserable I,
Who (in the Flouds of worlds mortalitie,
By huge *Heau'n-Mounting*, *Hell-Descending* waues,
By *Rocks*, *Syrts*, *Whirle-Poles*, all which seeme my *Graues*)
Am still constrain'd to saile through dangers great,
Which *Waters*, *Winds*, *Weather*, together threat :
And, which is more, I most erroneously
Through ignorance, oft wander cleane away ;
I lose my way, and then am danger'd most,
Not knowing whither my poore *Ship* doth coast :
Being thus expos'd to *Seas* all-ieopardies,
Like *Ionah*, when from *Ninive* he flies,
Tost to and fro euen into th' *Maw* of *Hell*,
By furious Flouds which 'gainst me rage and swell :
So that my way to th' *Harbour* of my Rest
Thus being lost, my Soule is sore oppress'd.
But, which is worst, whiles thus to thee I saile,
I meet *Sea-Monsters* which doe me assaile :
Resistfull * *Remoraes* doe striue to stay me,
And huge *Leuiathan* gapes wide to slay me ;
Lifes, *Toyes* and *Troubles*, *Satans craft* and *Power*,
Would slay my *Voyage*, and would me deuoure.
Reslesse, redresselesse thus I flote about,
And for thy heauenly helpe my Soule cries out.
Wherefore *Sea-calming*, *Wind-controlling Lord*,
To my perplexed Soule thine aide afford ;
For if thou wilt (O Lord) thou canst me cherish :
O therefore helpe, or else my Soule will perish.

to looke into Heauen.

*One Depth (ô Lord) another in doth call,
As Waues breake-out and on each other fall:
The Depth of my Calamity profound,
Doth inuocate thy Mercies which abound.
I call and cry from many waters deepe,
My Soule from sinking (Lord) preferue and keepe.
O keepe mee from these dangers imminent,
Which haue my silly Soule on all sides pent.
Let thine out-stretched-arme, vpholding Grace,
Once bring my Soule vnto her resting-Place,
From floods of worldly infelicity,
Into the Hauen of æternity.*

*How long (ô Lord) how long wilt thou prolong,
Thy wrath t'appease and ease mee, from among
These dire Death-threatning-dangers? ô direct
My way o thee, my hope to thee erect.
My Confidence re-plant in thee, I pray,
That so these tempests may me not dismay;
That so these floods, though flow, may not come neere mee,
That so these blasts, though blow, may not so feare mee.
Thou being my vn-rocking Roche, my shield,
My fortresse strong, which to no force can yeeld,
Most skilfull Pilot, so my Sterne direct,
My weather-beaten Boate, so safe protect,
That it these dangers infinite may shun,
And, to my Harbour may the right-way run:
Commiserate, compassionate my case,
And in thine armes (ô Christ) my Soule embrace.
Though I with Ionas Sea-men lose my wares,
My goods, my life, worlds pleasures, best affaires;
Though Persecutions Rocks my Barke may batter,
My dangerous Iuuen Boate may split, may shatter;
Yet grant (ô Lord) I may not Ship wracke make
Of my sure Faith in thee; but as the Snake
Is sayd t'expose his body to the blow
Of him that smites, to saue his head: Euen so
I willingly may vndergoe all Crosse,
And with content may beare the greatest losses,
That I may hold-fast Faith in Christ my Head,
So I may liue by Faith, to sin be dead.*

*Abyssus abyss-
sum inuocat.*



*Gods direc-
tion must be
our Pilot &
Protection.*

*Rocks of
Persecution.*

Simile.



F

With

A Prospective Glasse

*Perieram nisi
sic perissem.*

With this Conclusion should my *Soule* be cherisht,
I had bin vndone, had I thus not perisht.
Yea with those *Argo-Naute* willingly,
My *Ship* through straightest passages shall flye,
So that in th'end I may with ioy possesse
The *Golden-fleece* of endlesse happinesse.
Lord, though the *Puddle* of impurity
Hath my poore *Soule* polluted lothsomely,
The *Ocean* of iniquities foule flood
Hath mee besmeard in stinking mire and mud:
O yet, sweet *Christ*, with *Hysop* of thy *Merit*,
Clenſe and make cleane my *Sin-polluted Spirit*;
Wash me, ô *Christ*, with thy most precious *Blood*,
None, nought but thou, can doe my *Soule* this good.
My *well-nigh Ship-wrackt Soule*, ô Lord, assist,
Which too-too long the way to thee hath miſt.
Contemne me not, Condemne me not for *Sin*,
But let my *Soule* to thy sweet *Rest* goe in.
Remit (ô Lord) what I haue ill omitted,
Remoue (ô Lord) what I haue miſ-committed.
And though I bee to paſſe by th'*Gates* of *Hell*,
Grant power to paſſe them, and with thee to dwell.
To dwell I ſay with thee, ith' *Land* of *Liuing*,
Where to thy *Saints* thy ioyes thou ſtill art giuing.
O thou my *Soules* sweet *Soule*, my *Harts* deare *Hart*,
In this diſtreſſe doe not from mee depart;
Bee to my *Soule* as a bright-morning-*Starre*,
Which I may cleerely ſee though ſomewhat farre:
And bee (as th'art indeed) the *Sun* moſt bright
Of *Righteouſnes*, that my *fleſh*-dimmed light
Being with *Faiths* * *Collyrium* made more cleare,
I ſpeedily may ſee the way appeare
To my *Hart*-cheering long deſired *Port*,
Whereto my *Soule* hath longed to reſort,
I may in time ſee and fore-ſee *Sins* charmes,
And ſo preuent th'euent of *Sins* great harmes,
That on the *Shore* I may perceiue thee ſtand,
Giuing mee ayme with thy moſt ſacred hand,
To keepe the right-way to thine *Habitation*,
The *Hauen* of happines and ſure *Saluation*.

The bloud
of *Chriſt* on-
ly can clenſe
vs from all
our ſinnes.

The *Soule*
prayeth that
Chriſt would
be propiti-
ous to it;

* Properly a
ſalue for
ſore eyes.

The *Soule*
by *Faith* is
encouraged
to eſcape all
the dangers
of the *Sea* of
this world;

That

to looke into Heauen.

That passing thus this *Danger-obuious Ocean*,
By thee the *Strong Arch-mouer* of each motion,
I may goe forward with such circumspection,
And bee so guided by thy good direction,
And with thy *Grace* bee so corroborated,
And with *Rocke-founded Faith* so animated,
That as twixt *Scylla's* and *Charibdis* feare,
My *Barke* in passage doth a full saile beare :
I meane proud *Pharisaicall Self-flation*,
And *Grace-les diffident Cains Desperation*,
By th' iustified *Publican's* example,
I may the right regenerate paths trample
Of that true poenitent good *Prodigall*,
To thee (*ô Lord*) for mercy cry and call,
That by thy gracious guide and safe tuition,
I may escape *Despaire* and *Prides* perdition,
And so with ioy, with ioy vnutterable,
Approching to the *Shore* most amiable :
Casting the *Anchor* of a constant *Hope*
On *Christ* my *Sauieur*, fast'ned with *Faiths* rope,
I may my *Marchandizes* bring a *Land*,
And put them into my sweet *Sauours* hand ;
Euen all the gaines which I poore *Soule* had made
Of his good *Talent* lent to mee to trade :
To whom, although I bring but one for five,
Yet will hee not my *Soule* of *Heau'n* deprive.
And though, *that one* (through mine infirmitie)
Hath bene much blemisht with impuritie,
Hath bin *d'sgrac't, defac't*, and much abused,
Yet by my *Christ* it will not bee refused,
But graciously hee'le take my *will* for deed,
Will hold mee by the hand, and thus proceed :
Well done (good *Seruant*) worthy of my trust,
Well done (I say) thy *Service* hath bene *Iust*,
Since thou in little matters hast done well,
Thou shalt be *Lord* of things which farre excell.
Since thou to doe my *Will* hast done thy best,
Come, come with mee into thy *Masters Rest*.
Euen so *Lord Iesus*, come I humbly pray,
For thine *Elects-sake* haste that happy day.

Dangers.
*Scylla, Cha-
ribdis.*
Despaire &
Presumption
The Pharise
Cain.
Remedies.
Humilitie &
Pœnitencie.
The Publican
The Prodi-
gall.

The Anchor
of Hope,
fastned with
the Rope of
Faith.

Christ takes
the Will for
the Deed.

Christ bids
the Soule
welcome in-
to Heauen.

A Prospective Glasse, &c.

I looke, I long, that I might once descric
That happy Day, my Soule to happy sie :
That I with thee (my Saviour) may reioyce,
That with Heart-cheering Musike and sweet Voyce,
In that blest Chorus sweet, Angelicall
Societie of Saints cœlestiall,

The Song of
the Saints.

I, Halleluiah, Halleluiah may
Sing cheerefully to God the Lord alway ;
To God the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
Vnto the Trine-One, mightie Lord of Host.
To this great God be giuen all thanks and praise,
For his sweet succour in these sacred Layes. Amen.

FINIS.

Omnis Gloria solius est Domini.

Thrice-happy Vision, more thrice-happy zeale,
Thus flames vs with God, Saints, Heau'ns Common-weale.

T. SALISBURY,
Mr in Artibus.



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